
The minde of the Frontspiece.

*Reader, behinde this silken Frontspiece lyes
The Argument of our Booke; which, to your eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes, and best knowne
Vnto her selfe) commands should be vnshorne;
And therefore, to that end, he hath thought fit
To draw this Curtaine, t'wixt your eye and it.*

4

ARGALVS and PARTHENIA

The Argument of y^e History

Argal
upon
became
loued
mia to
Demag
ia and
Cypri
when
the king
to enter
lus (who
mejseng
ter with
vnder y^e
by y^e same

who had
cadia
inflama
to Parth
compense
of Lacon
affection
honour,
Basilus
a letter
Amphias
to encou
Parthenia
death, &
& dyed

Written by Fra: Quarles.
Lusit Anacreon

London Printed for Iohn Marriott in S^t Dunstons Church
yard fleetstreet 1630.

The Cecil Salep

TO
HE
SI
LA
M
M
C
V
K
B

A

R

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD RICH OF KEN-
SINGTON, EARLE OF HOL-
LAND, CAPTAIN OF HIS
^{Majties} GUARD, AND GENTLE-
MAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER,
CHANCELLOR OF THE VNI-
VERSITIE OF CAMBRIDGE,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NO-
BLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,
ONE OF HIS MAIESTIES
MOST HONORABLE
PRIVIE COVNSEL:
AND GREAT EXAMPLE OF
TRVE HONOV R AND
CHIVALRY:

FR A: QV ARLES
PRESENTS AND DEDICATES
HIS ARGALVS AND
PARTHENIA

THE
STATE OF
NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1878
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS
OF THE
LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE
TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 1877

To the Reader.

Reader :

I Present thee here with a history of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, the fruits of broken houres: It was a *Sin* taken out of the Orchard of Sir *Philip Sydney*, of pretious memory, which I haue lately grafted vpon a Crab-stocke, in mine own: It hath brought forth many leaues, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Booke differs from my former, as a *Courtier* from a *Churchman*: But if any thinke it vnfit, for one to play both parts, I haue *presidents* for it: And let such know, that I haue taken but one play-day in fixe: Howeuer, I should beshrew that hand that binds them all together to make one *Volume*. In this Discourse, I haue not affected to set thy vnderstanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of *strong lines*, which (as they fabulously report of *China* dishes) are made for the third *Generation* to make vse of, & are the meere itch of wit; vnder the colour of which, many haue ventured (trusting to the *Oedipean* cōceit of their ingenious Reader) to write *non-sense*, & felloniously father the created expositions of other men; not vnlike some painters, who first make the picture, then, from the opinion of better iudgements, conclude, whom it resembles. These lines are strong enough for my purpose; If not for thine, yet read the, & your vnderstandings may be magnified by their weakenes. Reader, thou shalt, in the progresse of this *Story*, meet with a seeming *Solicisme*; which is this; *Demagoras* his so foule a deed,

perpetrated vpon the faire *Parthenia*, is fully exprest;
and yet, the reuenge thereof past ouer in silence;
wherein (as I conceiue) I haue not dealt vniustly.
When *Prometheus* stole fire from heauen to animate
and quicken his artificiall bodies, the seuerer Gods
(for punishment of so high a *Sacriledge*, stricke him
not dead with a sudden *Thunder bolt*, but (to be more
deeply auenged) let him liue, to be tormented with
Vulters, continually gnawing on his *Liuer*. The same
kind of torture had *Ixion*: so had *Sisyphus*: so had
Tantalus: Did then *Demagoras* fault equall (if not
exceed) theirs, & should his punishment bee lesse?
Had my pen deliuered him dead into your hands,
what could ye haue had more? His accursed memo-
ry had soone rotted with his baser name, and there
had beene an end of him: In which respect, I haue
suffered him to liue, that he might stand like a *Iack-a-
Lent*, or a *Shrouing Cocke* for euery one to spend a
Cudgell at, to the worlds end. *Ladies* (for in your sil-
ken laps I know this booke will choose to lye, which
being farre fetched, if the *Stationer* be wise, will bee
most fit for you) my suit is, that you would be plea-
sed to giue the faire *Parthenia* your noble entertain-
ment: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintāce,
and is come to liue & dye with you; to whose gentle
hands I recommend her, and kisse them.

FR: Qv.

Dublin this 4. of
March. 1628.

I

ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The first Booke.

Within the limits of th' Arcadian land,
Whose gratefull bounty hath inrich't the
Of many a Shepherd swaine, whose rurall Art (hand
(Vntaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled loue) did build to Fame
Eternall *Trophies* of a pastorall name;
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her oaten Reede,
Did sing her loue whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claime to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* tree,
As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings;
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said, to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that Arcadian glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*; whose vnnam'd descent
Can serue but as a needlesse complement
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, & Nature makes her owne.
Her

perpetrated vpon the faire *Parthenia*, is fully exprest,
and yet, the reuenge thereof past ouer in silence
wherein (as I conceiue) I haue not dealt vniustly
When *Prometheus* stole fire from heauen to animate

and qu
(for pu
not dea
deeply
Kulters
kind of
Tantal
exceed
Had m
what co
ry had
had be
suffered
Lent, o
Cudgel
ken laps
being fa
most fit
fed to g
ment: S
and is co
hands I

NOTE

This volume
tight binding a
effort has been
duce the centre
result in

aca7
microfor

Dublin this 4. of
March. 1628.

ARGALVS

AND

me has a very
and while every
en made to repro-
tres, force would
in damage

ademic

forms

name *Parthenia*; whose vnnam'd descent
in serue but as a needlesse complement
to gild perfection : She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, & Nature makes her owne.
Her

perpetrated vpon the faire *Parthenia*, is fully exprest;
and yet, the reuenge thereof past ouer in silence;
wherein (as I conceiue) I haue not dealt vniustly.
When *Prometheus* stole fire from heauen to animate
and quicken his artificiall bodies, the seuerer Gods
(for punishment of so high a *Sacriledge*, stricke him
not dead with a sudden *Thunder bolt*, but (to be more
deeply auenged) let him liue, to be tormented with
Vulters, continually gnawing on his *Liuer*. The same
kind of torture had *Ixion*: so had *Sisyphus*: so had
Tantalus: Did then *Demagoras* fault equall (if not
exceed) theirs, & should his punishment bee lesse?
Had my pen deliuered him dead into your hands,
what could ye haue had more? His accursed memo-
ry had soone rotted with his baser name, and there
had beene an end of him: In which respect, I haue
suffered him to liue, that he might stand like a *Jack-a-
Lent*, or a *Shrouing Cocke* for euery one to spend a
Cudgell at, to the worlds end. *Ladies* (for in your sil-
ken laps I know this booke will choose to lye, which
being farre fetched, if the *Stationer* be wise, will bee
most fit for you) my suit is, that you would be plea-
sed to giue the faire *Parthenia* your noble entertain-
ment: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintāce,
and is come to liue & dye with you; to whose gentle
hands I recommend her, and kisse them.

FR: QV.

Dublin this 4. of
March. 1628.

ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The first Booke.

VVithin the limits of th' Arcadian land,
Whose gratefull bounty hath inricht the
Of many a Shepherd swaine, whose rurall Art (hand
(Vntaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled loue) did build to Fame
Eternall *Trophies* of a pastorall name;
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her oaten Reede,
Did sing her loue whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claime to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* tree,
As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings;
There (if th'exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* maybe said, to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that Arcadian glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*; whose vnnam'd descent
Can serue but as a needlesse complement
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, & Nature makes her owne.
Her

Her Mother was a Lady, whom deepe age
More fill'd with honour, then diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reser'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but liberall of her eare;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her owne opinion strikes;
Frequent in almes, and charitable deeds.
Of mighty spirit, constant to her *beads*,
Wisely suspitious; but what need we other
Then this? she was the rare *Parthenia's* Mother;
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heauenly eye
Sits maiden-mildnesse, mixt with Maiesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frownes or smiles, to make aliuie, or kill,
Her cheekes are like two bancks of fairest flowers,
Inricht with sweetnesse from the twilight showers,
Whereon those iarres which were so often bred,
Composed were, betwixt the *white* and *red*:
Her haire raught downe beneath her yuory knees,
As if that Nature, to so rare a piece
Had meant a shadow, labouring to show
And boast the vtmost, that her hand could doe:
Like smallest flaxe appear'd her Nymph-like haire,
But only flaxe was not so small, so faire:
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd thinke, within,
In stead of teeth, that orient *Pearles* had bin:
The whitenesse of her dainty neck you know,
If euer you beheld the new-falne *Snow*;
Her Swan-like breasts were like two little *Spheares*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appeares,
Which, were they obuious but to euery eye,
All liberall Arts would turne *Astronomie*;
Her slender waist, her lilly hands, her armes

I dare not set to view, because all charmes
Forbidden are: My bashfull *Muse* descends
No lower steppe: Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another vertue doth enioyne
My pen to treat perfection, more diuine:
The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
In after ages, which we finde exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chasts *Parthenia's* brest:
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, because she knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lauish,
Yet free, but wisely waigh'd; more apt to rauish,
Then to entice, lesse beautifi'd with art,
Then naturall sweetnesse: In her gentle heart
Iudgement transcended: from her milder brest
Passion was not exiled, but represt:
Her voyce excell'd, nay, had you heard her voyce
But warble forth, you might haue had the choyce,
To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious *Angel*, that had bin
A trebble sharer in th' eternall ioyes,
Such was her voyce, such was her heauenly voyce:
Merry, yet modest; witty, and yet wise;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not rash; Courteous, & yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man:
In brieft, who would relate her prayes well,
Must first bethinke himselfe, what is t' excell.

When these perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged *Fame*
Grew great with honour, spreads her hasty wings,
Aduanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,

B

And

And with her full-mouth'd blast she doth proclaime
 Th'vnmated glory of *Partheniaes* name:
 Who now but faire *Parthenia*? what report
 Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
 But faire *Partheniaes*? Euery solemne feast
 Must now be sweetned, honourd, and possesst
 With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory,
 And euery mouth must breathe *Partheniaes* story.
 The *Poet* summons now his amorous quill,
 And scornes assistance from the sacred *Hill*:
 The sweet-lipt *Oratour* takes in hand to raise
 His prouder stile, to speake *Partheniaes* praise.
 The curious *Painter* wisely doth displace
 Faire *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
 The *Pleader* burnes his bookes, disdaines the Law,
 And falls in loue with whom his eyes ne'er saw.
 Healths to the faire *Parthenia* flye about
 At euery bord, whilst others, more deuout,
 Build Idols to her, and adore the same;
 And *Parrats* learne to prate *Partheniaes* name:
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
 Her worth; some emulates, and some enuies;
 Some doubt, some feare lest lauish fame belie her,
 And all that dare beleue report, admire.

Vpon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord; Of proud command,
 Lord of much people, youthfull, and of fame,
 More great then good; *Demagoras* his name,
 Of stature tall, his body spare, and meager,
 Thicke shoulderd, hollow cheek'd, & visage eager,
 His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thinne,
 And downe each side of his reuerted chinne
 A lock of black neglected haire (befriended;

With

With warts too vgly to be seene)descended;
His rowling eyes were deeply suncke, and hiew'd
Like fire; Tis said, they blisterd where they view'd.
Vpon his shoulders, from his fruitfull crowne,
A rugged crop of *Elfelocks* dangled downe:
His hide all hairy; garish his attire,
And his complexion meerely Earth and Fire;
Peruerse to all; extenuating what
Another did, because he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his owne,
Not louing any, and belou'd of none:
Reuengefull, enuious, desperately stout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the *Monopolie* to fulfill
All vice; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face: As from aboue
Fireballs of lightning hurld by angry *Ioue*
Confound the vnarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leaue him ruin'd in the place: Euen so
The peerlesse beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
At the first sight did conquer and surprise
The slavish thoughts of this amazed lower,
Who voyd of strength to hide, or to discover.
The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires;
Prompted by passion, with himselfe conspires.

*Accurs'd Demagoras! Into what a feuer
Hath one looke strucke thy soule? O neuer, neuer
To be recur'd: If I had done amisse,
Hath heauen no easier plagues in store, but this?
Promethius paines are not so sharpe as these,
Our sinnes yet labour'd both of one disease;
Our faults are equall; Both stole fire from heauen;
Our faults alike; why are our plagues vneuen?*

Be iust; O make not such vnequall ods
 Of equall sinnes : Be iust, or else no Gods :
 Why send you downe such Angels to the earth,
 To mocke poore mortalls ? or of mortall birth
 If such a heauenlike Paragon may be,
 Why doe ye not wound her as well as me.
 But why doe I implore your aydes in vaine,
 That are the highest Agents in my paine ?
 Poore wretch ! What hope of helpe can ye assure me,
 When onely she, that made the wound can cure me ?
 Diuine Parthenia, earths vnualued Iewell,
 Would thou hadst beene lesse glorious or lesse cruell.
 When first thine eyes did to these eyes appeare,
 I read the history of my ruine there,
 My necessary ruine : Heauen, nor Hell
 Can salue my sores, by helpe of Prayer, or spell;
 Gods are vniust; and if, with charmes, I haunt her,
 Her eyes are countercharmes, to enchant th' inchanter :
 Why doe I thus exulcerate my disease ?
 By adding torments, hope I to find ease ?
 Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
 But must I bring fresh torments of my owne ?
 Cheare vp Demagoras : Tis a wise mans part
 Not to lose all, if his vnpractis'd art
 Serues not to gaine : A Gamester may not choose
 His chance : It is some conquest not to loose :
 Look to thy selfe : Let no iniurious blast
 Of cold despaire chill thy greene wounds too fast
 For time to cure : O, hope for no remission
 Of paine, till Cupid send thee a Physition.
 She is a woman, If a woman, then
 My title's good; Woman were made for men :
 She is a woman, though her heauenly brow

Write Angell, and may stoope, although not now;
 Women, by lookes, will not be understood,
 Vntill their hearts aduise with flesh and blood.

She is a woman; There's no reason why,
 But she (perchance) may burne as well as I,
 Moue then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know
 The strength of her owne beauty, in thy woe:
 Feare not, what thou adorest; begin to moue,
 Chriscrosse fore-runs the Alphabet of loue;
 'Tis halfe perfected, what is once begun;
 She is a woman; and she must be wonne.

Like as a Swaine, whose hands haue made a vow
 And sworne allegiance to the peacefull plough,
 Prestout for seruice in the Martiall campe,
 At first (vnentred) finds a liuelesse dampe
 Beleagring euery ioynt; as often swounds
 As ere he viewes his sword, or thinks of wounds;
 At length (not finding any meanes for flying,
 Switcht and spurd on with desp'rate feare of dying)
 He hewes, he hackes, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deales about his frantick blowes;
 Euen so *Demagoras*, whose vnbred fashion
 Had neuer yet subscrib'd to loues sweet passion:
 Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yeeld
 The day without a parly, till a length,
 Fiercely transported by th'vntutor'd strength
 Of his owne passion, he himselfe assures,
 That desp'rate torments must haue desp'rate cures;
 And thus to the diuine *Partheniaes* eares
 Applies his speech, deuoid of doubts and feares.

Fairest of creatures, If my ruder tongue,
 Toright thy selfe, should doe your patience wrong:

And lawlesse passion make it too too free,
 O blame your heavenly beautie, and not me.
 It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
 Enforc'd my tongue to speake, or heart to burst.
 From those deare eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
 Which seekes for cure, and cannot be made sound,
 But by the hand that stricke; To you alone,
 I sue for helpe, that else must hope for none:
 Then crowne my ioyes, thou Antidote of despaire,
 And be as mercifull, as thou art faire,
 Nature, (the bounty of whose liberall hand
 Made thee the iewell of the Arcadian land)
 Intended in so rare a prize, to boast
 Her master peece: Hid Iewells are but lost.
 Shine then, and rob not nature of her due,
 But honour her, as she hath honour'd you,
 Let not the best of all her workes lye dead
 In the nice Casket of a Maydenhead:
 What she would haue reueal'd, O doe not smother,
 Th'art made in vaine, unlesse thou make another:
 Giue me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
 Lest thou shouldst want a heart, Ile giue thee mine,
 As richly fraught with loue, and lasting duty,
 As thou, with vertue, or thine eyes, with beauty.
 Why dost thou frowne? why does that heavenly brow
 Not made for wrinkles, show a wrinkle now?
 Send forth thy brighter sun-shine, and the while,
 O lend me but the twilight of a smile:
 Giue me one amorous glance: why standst thou mute?
 Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suite:
 Speake (loue) or if thy doubtfull minde be bent
 To silence, let that silence be consent:
 Nor begge I loue of almes, although in part,

My words may seeme to implead my owne desert.
Disdaine me not, although my thoughts descend
Below themselves, to enjoy so faire a friend:
I, that haue oft, with teares bin sought to, sue;
And Queenes haue bin his seruants, that serues you.
The beauties of all Greece haue bin at strife
To winne the name of great Demagoras wife,
And bin despis'd, not worthy to obtaine
So high an honour; What they sought (in vaine)
I here present thee with, as thine owne due,
It being an honor fit for none but you:
Speake then (my loue,) and let thy lips make knowne,
That I am either thine, or not mine owne:

Haue you beheld when fresh *Auroras* eye
Sends forth her early beames, and by and by
Withdrawes the glory of her face, and throwds
Her cheekes behind a ruddy maske of clouds
Which, who beleue in *Erra Pater*, say
Presages winde, and blustrie stormes that day,
Such were *Parthenias* lookes; in whose faire face
Roses and *Lillies*, late had equall place,
But now, twixt mayden bashfulnesse and spleene,
Roses appear'd and *Lillies* were not seene:
She paus'd a while, till at the last she breakes
Her long kept angry silence, thus; and speakes,

My Lord,
Had your strong Oratory but the Art,
To make me conscious of so great desert,
As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
To praise your Rhet'ricke, as you prize my beauty;
Or if the frailty of my iudgement could
Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold

Your

Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as foolish, as you terme me faire.
If you vye Courtship, fortune knowes that I
Haue not so strong a Game, to see the vye :
Alas, my skill durst neuer undertake
To play the game, where hearts be set at stake;
Needs must the losse be great, when such haue bin
Seldome obseru'd to saue themselves that win:
You craue my heart; My Lord, you craue withall,
Too great a mischief; My poore heart's too small
To fill the concaue of so great a brest,
Whose thoughts can scorne the amorous request
Of loue-sicke Quenes, and can requite the vaine,
And factious suits of Ladies with disdain :
Stoope not so low beneath your selfe (great Lord)
To loue Parthenia : Shall so poore a ward
Staine your faire lips ? whose merits doe proclaim
A more transcendent fortune, then that name
Can gaine : Call downe Ioues winged Pursuiuant,
And giue his tongue the power to enchant
Some easie Goddesse, in your name, and treat
A mariage fitting so sublime, so great
A mind as yours, and fill the fruitfull earth
With Heroes, sprung from so diuine a birth :
Partheniaes heart could neuer yet aspire
So high : Her homebred thoughts durst ne're desire
So fond an honour, matcht with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queenes haue beene deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S' unfit a suit; Be wise as you are great :
Aduance your noble thoughts : hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That, to the wiser world, it may be knowne

The lesse y' are mine, the more you are your owne.

Like as a guilty prisoner, vpon whom
Offended Iustice lately past her doome,
Stands trembling by, and hopelesse to preuaile,
Bailes not for mercy, but to the loath'd *Taile*
Dragges his sad yrons, and from thence commends
A hasty suite to his selected friends,
That by the vertue of a quicke *Repriue*
The wretch might haue some few daies more to
Euen so *Demagoras*, whose rewounded heart (liue.
Had newly felt the vnexpected smart
And secret burthen of a desp'rate doome,
Replies not, takes no leaue, but quits the roome,
And, in his discontented mind, reuolues
Ten thousand thoughts; and at the last resolues
What course to runne, relying on no other,
But the assistance of *Partheniaes* mother.

Forthwith his fierce misguided passion droue
His wandring steps to the next neighboring groue.
A keene Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, vpon his lips did stand
A milke white froth; his eyes like flames; sometimes
He curses heauen; himselfe; and then, the times;
Railes at the proud *Parthenia*; raues; despaires;
And from his head rends off his tangled hayres;
Curses the wombe that bare him; bans the *Fates*;
And drunke, with spleene, he thus deliberates.

*Why dyest thou not, Demagoras, when as death
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of discontent and passion send reliefe
To thy distraction, or assuage thy grieve?
Why mou'st thou not the Gods? Or rather why
Do'st not contemne, and scorne their power, and dye?*

But stay ! Of whom dost thou complaine ? A woman.
 To whom (fond man) dost thou complaine ? A woman.
 And shall a womans frownes haue power to grieue thee ?
 Or shall a womans wanton smile relieue thee ?
 Fye, fie Demagoras, shall a womans eye
 Preuaile, to make the stout Demagoras dye,
 And leaue to after-times an entred name
 Itth Callender of fooles ? Rouze vp for shame
 Thy wasted spirits : whet thy spleene and liue
 To be reueng'd : She, she that would not giue
 Admittance to thy proferd loue must drinke
 The potion of thy hate : stirre then the sinke
 Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gaine
 By faire language, Tarquin-like constraine.
 But hold thy hand, Demagoras, and aduise;
 Art giues aduantage oft, where force denyes;
 Suspend thy fury : Make Partheniaes mother
 Thy means : One Adamant will cut another :
 Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratorie;
 Affect her tender heart, with the sad story
 Of thy deare loue ; Extoll Partheniaes beauty;
 But most of all, vrge that deserved duty
 Thou ow'st her vertue, and make that the ground
 Of thy first loue, that gaue thy heart the wound :
 Mingle thy words with sighes; and it is meet,
 If thou canst force a teare, to let her see't
 Against thy will : Let thy false tongue forbear
 No vomes, and though thou beest forsworne, yet sweare :
 If ere thy barren lips shall chance to pause,
 For want of words; Parthenia is the cause,
 Who hath benumm'd thy heart; If e're they goe
 Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so.
 Withall; be sure, when ere thou shalt aduance.

The daughters vertues, let the glory glance
Vpon the prudent mother; Women care not
To heare too much of vertue, if they share not.
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting eare
To soft attention; closely, in the reare
Of thy discourse, preferre thy sad petition,
That she would please to fauour the condition
Of a distressed louer, and afford
In thy behalfe, a mothers timely word;
So shalt thou wreck thy vengeance by a wilde,
And make the mother bawd to her owne childe.

He paused not; but like a rash projector
(Whose franticke passion was supreme director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second
Which might bin bettered by aduise, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th' execution of his hopefull plot.

Forthwith his nimble paces he diuided
Towards the *Summer Pallace*, where resided
The faire *Partheniaes* mother, boldly enters
And after mutuall complement, aduenters
To breake the yce of his dissembled griefe;
Thus he complains, and thus he begs reliefe.

Madam,

The hopefull thrining of my suit depends
Vpon your goodnesse, and it recommends
It selfe vnto your fauour, from whose hand
It must haue sentence, or to fall, or stand;
Thrice three times hath the Soueraigne of the night,
Repaire her empty hornes with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty blasted eyes
Were stricken by a light that did arise
From your blest wombe, whose unasswaged smart

Hath peirc'd my soule, and wounded my poore heart;
 It is the faire Parthenia, whose diuine
 And glorious vertue led these eyes of mine
 To their owne ruine; Like a wanton fly,
 I dallied with the flames of her bright eye,
 Till I haue burn'd my wings: O, if to loue
 Be held a sinne, the guilty gods aboue
 (Being fellow-sinners with vs, and commit
 The selfe same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
 O thrice diuine Parthenia, that hast got
 A sacred priuiledge which the gods haue not,
 If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereauen
 Of my loath'd life, yet let me dye forgiven:
 And welcome death, that with one happy blow
 Giv'es me more ease, then life could euer doe.
 Madam, to whom should my sad words appeale
 But you? Alas, to whom should I reueale
 My dying thoughts, but vnto you, that gaue
 Being to her, that hath the power to saue
 My wasted life? The language of a mother
 Moues more then teares, that trickle from another.
 With that a well dissembled drop did slide
 From his false eyes. The Lady thus replyde.
 My Honorable Lord,
 If my vntimely answer hath preuented
 Some further words your passion would haue vented,
 Pardon my haste which, in a ruder fashion
 Sought onely to diuide you, from your passion:
 The loue you beare Parthenia must claime
 The priuiledge of mine eare, and in her name,
 (Though from an absent mind as yet unknowne)
 Returne I thanks, with intrest of my owne.
 The little indgement, that the gods haue lent

Her downy yeares (though in a small extent)
 Does challenge the whole freedome of her choyce,
 In the resignation of a Mothers voice :
 The sprightly fancies of a virgins mind
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confinde;
 The hidden Embers of a louers fire
 Desire no bellows, but their owne desire,
 And like to Dedalus his forge, if blowne
 Burnes dimme and dyes; blazes, if let alone;
 Louers affect, without aduisement, that
 Which being most perswaded to, they hate.
 My Lord, Adiourne your passion, and refer
 The fortune of your suite to time, and her.
 Like to a Pinace is a louers minde,
 The Saile his fancy is; a storme of winde,
 His uncontrouled passion; the Stear's
 His reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and feares;
 Your storme being great, like a wise Pilot; beare
 But little Saile, and stoutly ply the Steare.
 Leauē then the violence of your thoughts to me,
 My Lord, too hasty Gamesters oversee.
 Goe, moue Parthenia, and let Iuno's blessing
 Attend your hopefull suite, in the suppressing
 Loues common euills; and if her warme desire
 Show but a sparke, leaue me to blow the fire.
 Goe, lose no time : Louers must be laborious;
 My Lord goe prosperous, and retorne victorious.

With that Demagoras (prostrate on the ground,
 As if his eares had heard that blessed sound,
 Wherewith the Delphian oracle acquites
 The accepted sacrifice) performes the rites
 Of quicke deuotion, to that heauenly voice,
 Which fed his soule with the malignant ioyes

Of vow'd reuenge; vp from the floore he starts,
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the heauen-surrounding *Steeds*
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting
Into the lower *Hemisphere*, to coole (heads
Their flaming nostrills in the *Westerne* poole,
When as the dainty and mollitious ayre
Had bid the Lady of the *Pallace*, share
In her refined pleasures, and inuited
Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted
In those sweet walkes, where *Flora's* liberall hand
Had giuen more freely, then to all the land;
There walked she; and in her various minde,
Proiects and casts about which way to finde
The progresse of the young *Partheniaes* heart;
Likes this way: then a second thought does thwart
The first; Likes that way; then a third, the second:
One while she likes the match, & then she reckon'd
Demagoras vertues: now her feare entices
Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices
Sometimes she cals his vowes and oathes to minde:
Another while, thinkes oathes & words but winde.
She likes, dislikes; Her doubtfull thoughts doe vary,
Resolues, and then resolues the quite contrary.
One while she feares, that his maligne aspect
Will giue the virgin cause to disaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the golden couer of all faults:
And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
Her feares; creates a *world* of wealth, and rests.
With that, she straight vnfixt her fastned eyes
From off the ground; and, looking vp, espies
The faire *Parthenia*, in a louely bowre.

Spending

Spending the treasure of an evening houre:
There sate she, reading the sweet-sad discourses
Of *Charicleas* loue: the entercourses
Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feele the selfe same ioy, the selfe same smart:
She read, she wept; and, as she wept, she smil'd,
As if her equall eyes had reconcilde
The extremes of ioy & grieve: she closde the booke,
Then op'ned it, and with a milder looke,
She pities louers; musing then a while,
She teaches smiles to weepe; and teares, to smile:
At length, her broken thoughts she thus discouers.

Vnconstant state of poore distressed louers!

Is all extreame in loue? No meane at all?

No draughts indifferant? either honey or Gall?

Hath Cupids Vniuerse no temp'rate Zone,

Either a torrid or a frozen one?

Alas, alas, poore louers. As she spake

Those words, from her disclosed lips there brake

A gentle sigh; and after that another:

With that steps in her vnexpected mother.

Haue ye beheld, when *Titans* lustfull head

Hath newly diu'd into the seagreene bed.

Of *Thetis*, how the bashfull *Horizone*

(Enforc'd to see what should be seene by none)

Lookes red for shame; and blushes to discouer

Th'incestuous pleasures of the heauen borne louer?

So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye

Of her vnwelcome mother did discry

Her secret passion: The mothers smile

Brought forth the daughters blush; and leuell coyle

They smil'd and blusht; one smile begate another:

The daughter blusht, because the iealous mother

Smil'd:

Smil'd on her; and the silent mother smilde,
To see the conscious blushing of her childe,
At length, growne great with words, she did awake
Her forced silence, and she thus bespake.

Blush not, my fairest daughter; 'Tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest:
'Tis charitie to succour the distressed.
The disposition of a generous heart
Makes euery grieve her owne, at least beares part.
What marble, ah what adamantine eare
Ere heard the flames of Troy without a teare?
Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
(Whose desprate fewell is his owne desire)
May boldly challenge euery gentle heart
To be ioyntenants in his secret smart:
Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly teares
Slide downe? Feare not: this Arbour hath no eares;
Here's none but we; speake then: It is no shame
To shed a teare; thy mother did the same:
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?
Speake, in the name of Hymen I coniure thee;
If so, I haue a Baulsome shall recure thee.
I feare, I feare, the young Laconian Lord
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomacke: which, for want of Art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heauy at thy heart:
If that be all, reuealing brings reliefe:
Silence in loue but multiplies a grieve:
¶ Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother
Thy

thy close affection from thy angry mother,
And reape the dainty fruits of loue, vnseene;
I did the like, or thou hadst neuer beene;
Stolne goods are sweetest: If it be thy minde
To loue in secret, I will be as blinde
As he that wounded thee, or if thou dare
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:
Thou lou'st Demagoras; If thy lips deny,
Thy conscious heart must giue thy lips the lye:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy punishment shall be to loue him still:
Then loue him still, and let his hopes inherit
The crowne, belonging to so faire a merit,
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speake, at least, an age aboue his yeares.
The blood of his increasing honour springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings:
The gods haue blest him with a liberall hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the land:
Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what
Can he command, that he possesses not?
All which, and more, (if mothers can diuine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine:
He is thy Captiue, and thy conquering eyes
Haue tooke him prisner: he submits, and lies
At thy deare mercie, hoping ne're to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price but thee.
Wrong not thy selfe in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proferd twise,
Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
To be too coy: Occasion's bald behind:

*Tis not the common worke of euery day,
 T' afford such offers; Take them while you may :
 Times alter : youth and beauty are but blasts;
 Vse then thy time, whil' st youth and beauty lasts :
 For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
 Of a stale maide, but offer to incroach
 Vpon opinion, th' art in estimation,
 Like garments, kept till they be out of fashion :
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must stand
 Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second hand.
 Resolve thee then, t'enlarge thy Virgin life
 With th' honourable freedome of a wife;
 And let the fruits of that blest mariage be
 A living pledge betwixt my Childe and me.*

So said; The faire Parthenia (in whose heart
 Her owne affection yet had got the start
 Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
 Striues with her thoughts, objects the binding
 Of filiall duty, to her best affection; (lawes
 Sometimes submits vnto her owne election,
 Sometimes vnto her mothers : thus diuided
 In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
 By one desire, and sometimes by another,
 She thus replide to her attentiuie mother.

Madam,

*Thinke not Parthenia, vnder a pretence
 Of silence, studies disobedience :
 Or by the crafty slownesse of reply,
 Borrowes a quick aduantage to deny :
 It lyes not in your power, to command
 Beyond my will : vnto your tender hand,
 I here surrender vpt that little All
 You gaue me, freely to dispose withall.*

The gods forbid, Parthenia should resist
What you command, command you what you list:
But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord
Hath made assault, but neuer yet could board
This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconster'd streames did ne're proceed
From Cupids spring: This blubber'd book makes known,
Whose griefes I wept; I wept not for mine owne;
My lowly thoughts durst neuer yet aspire
The least degree, towards the proud desire
Of so great honour, to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queenes haue bin at strife;
He su'd for loue, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleased with a meaner fortune;
My brest was marble, and my heart forgot
All pitty: for, indeed, I lou'd him not.
But madame, you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You haue commanded, and your will shall be
The square of my vneauen desires, and me;
I'll practise duty, and my deeds shall show it;
I'll practise loue, though Cupid neuer know it.

When great *Basilus* (he whose princely hand
Nourisht long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
With triumph, brought to his renowned Court;
His new espoused *Queene*, was great resort
Of forraine States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that vnbeleeu'd report had told
Of faire *Gynecias* worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addrest,
With solemne Iousts to glorifie the feast
Of mariage royall lately past betweene

Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble *Queen*,
 The faire *Gynecia*; in whose face and brest
 Nature, and curious Art had done their best,
 To summe that rare perfection, which (in brieve)
 Transcends the power of a strong beliefe;
 Her Syer was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
 Receiu'd more honour from her honour'd name,
 Then, if he had, with his victorious hand,
 Vnsceptred halfe the Princes in the land:
 To tell the gory of this royall Feast;
 The *Bridegroomes* state, & how the *Bride* was drest;
 The princely seruice, and the rare delights;
 The seuerall names and worth, of Lords & Knights;
 Their quaint *Impresa's*, their deuisefull showes;
 Their martiall sports, their oft redoubled blowes;
 The courage of this Lord, or that proud horse;
 Who ran; who got the better, who, the worse,
 Is not my taske; nor lyes it in my way,
 To make relation of it: *Heraulds* may:
 Yet Fame and Honour haue selected one,
 From that illustrious crew; and him alone
 Haue recommended to my carefull quill,
 Forbidding that his honour should lye still
 Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit,
 That day, had crowned with a *victors* merit,
 His name was *Argalus*; In *Cyprus* borne;
 And (if what is not ours, may adorne
 Our proper fortunes) his blood royall springs
 From th'ancient stocke of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
 His outside had enough to satisfie
 The expectation of a curious eye:
 Nature was too too prodigall of her beauty,
 To make him halfe so faire, whom Fame, and duty,
 He

He ought to *Honour*, call'd so often forth,
 T'approve the excellence of his manly worth :
 His minde was richly furnisht with the treasure
 Of *morall* knowledge, in so liberall measure,
 Not to be proud : So valiant and so strong
 Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong :
 Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
 Fast to his old friends, and vnapt for new :
 Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
 Serious in buisnesse, choyce in recreation :
 Not too mistrustfull, and yet wisely wary ;
 Hard to resolute, and then as hard to vary :
 And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
 So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surueyour of the heauen
 Diuided out the dayes and nights by euen
 And equall houres, since this child of fame
 (Inuited by the glory of her name,)
 First view'd *Partheniaes* face, whose mutuall eye
 Shot equall flames, and with the secret tie
 Of vndisclos'd affection, ioyn'd together
 Their yeelding harts, their loues vnknown to either,
 Both dearly lou'd : the more they stroue to hide
 Their loue, affection they the more discrie.
 It lyes beyond the power of art to smother
 Affection, where one vertue finds another :
 One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
 And yet both lou'd, vnknowne; beloued, vnknowne:
 One was the *Dart*, that at the selfe same time
 Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him :
 Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both ioi'd, both grieu'd:
 Yet, where they both could help, was none relieu'd :
 Two lou'd, and two beloued were; yet none

But two in all, and yet that *all* but one.
By this time had their barren lippes betraid
Their timorous silence; now they had displaid
Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged *Child*
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded friends:
He strikes and wounds himselfe, while she defends
That would be wounded, for her paine proceeds,
And flowes from his, & from his wound, she bleeds;
She plays at him, and ayming at his brest,
Pierc'd her owne heart: and when his hand addrest
The blow to her faire bosome, there it found
His own deare heart, & gaue that heart the wound.
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yeeld,
Both lost the day, and yet both wan the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
Their lips gaue earnest of a ioyfull peace.

But o the hideous chances that attend
A louers progresse, to his iournies end!
How many desp'rate rubs, and dangers waite
Each minute, on his miserable state!
His hopes do build, what straight his feares destroy,
Sometimes, he surfeits with excesse of ioy:
Sometimes, despairing ere to find reliefe,
He roares beneath the tyranny of griefe;
And when loves current runnes with greatest force,
Some obuious mischiefe still disturbs the course:
For loe, no sooner the discouerd flame
Of these new parted louers did proclaime
Loves sacred *Iubilé*; but the Virgins Mother
(The posture of whose visage did discouer
Some serious matter, harb'ring in her brest)
Enters the roome: Halfe angry, halfe in iest,

Shee

She thus began : *My dearest child, this night;
When as the silent darknesse did inuite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possesse
My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my rest;
I slept not, till the early bugle horne
of Chaunticlere had summon'd in the Morne
T'attend the Light, and nurse the new-borne Day;
At last, when Morpheus, with his leaden key,
Had lockt my senses, and enlarg'd the power
Of my heauen guided fancy, for an houre
I slumbred; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the selfe same dreame presented thrice;
I wak'd; and, being frighted at the vision,
Perceiu'd the Gods had made an apparition :
My dreame was this : Me thought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a princely Bride, with robes befitting
The state of Maiesty; thy Nymph-like haire
Loosely dissheucl'd; and thy browes did beare
A Cypresse wreath; and (thrice three months expir'd)
Thy pregnant wombe grew heauy, and required
Lucina's aid : with that, me thought I saw
A teame of harneſt Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery Chariot from the flitting sky,
Wherein there sate the glorious Maieſty
Of great Saturnia, on whose traine attended
An hoast of Goddesses; Iuno descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and bleſt
Thy painefull wombe; Thy paines a while encreast;
At length, she laid her gentle palmes vpon
Thy fruitfull flanke, and there was borne a son :
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And, after, bleſt thee with a mothers ioy;
She kiſt the Babe, whose fortune she foretold,*

For

For on his head she set a Crowne of Gold;
 Forthwith, as if the heauens had clouen in sunder,
 Methought I heard the horrid noise of thunder;
 The raine pour'd downe, and yet the skie was cleare,
 And euery drop that lighted, did appcare
 As orient pearle, mixt with refined gold;
 Whereat, the gddesse turn'd, and said, Behold,
 Great Ioue hath sent a gift: goe forth, and tak't,
 Thus hauing spoke, she vanisht, and I wak't:
 I wak't; and waking, trembled; for I knew
 They were no idle passages, that grew
 From my d'stemper'd thoughts; 'twas not a vaine
 Delusion rowing from a troubled braine;
 It was a vision; and the gods forespake
 Parthenia's fortune: Gods cannot mistake.
 I lik'd the dreame; wherein the gods foretold
 Thy ioyfull marriage; and the shower of gold
 Betokened wealth; The Infants golden Crowne,
 Ensuing honour: Iuno's comming downe,
 A safe deliuerance; and the smiling Boy
 Summ'd up the totall of a mothers ioy:
 But what the wreath of Cypresse (that was set
 Vpon thy nuptiall browes) presag'd, as yet
 The gods keepe from me: if that secret doe
 Portend an euill, heauen keepe it from thee too.
 Advise Parthenia: Seeke not to withstand
 The plot, wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand;
 Submit thy will to theirs, what they enioyne,
 Must be; nor lyes it in my power, or thine
 To contradiet: Endeauour to fulfill
 What, else, must come to passe against thy will.
 Now by the filiall duty thou dost beare
 The gods and me, or if ought else more d. are

Can force obedience; as thou hop'st to speed
 At the gods hands, in greatest time of need;
 By heauen, by hell, by all the powers aboue,
 I here coniure Parthenia to remoue
 All fond conceits, that labour to disioyne
 What heauen hath knit, Demagoras's heart and thine;
 The gods are faithfull, and their wisedomes know
 What's better for vs mortalls, then we doe;
 Doubt not (my child) the gods cannot deceiue;
 What heauen does offer, feare not to receiue
 With thankfull hands: Passe not so sleightly ouer
 The deare affection of so true a loue;
 Pitty his flames; relieue his tortur'd brest,
 That finds abroad, no ioy; at home, no rest;
 But, like a wounded Hart before the hounds,
 That flies, with Cupids Iauelin in his wounds:
 Stir vp thy rak't vp embers of desire,
 The gods will bring in fewell, and blow the fire;
 Be gentle; let thy cordiall smiles reuiue
 His wasted spirits, that onely cares to liue
 To doe thee honour: It was Cupids will,
 The dart he sent, should onely wound; not kill;
 Yeld then; and let th' engaged gods powre downe
 Their promis'd blessings on thy head; and crowne
 Thy youth with ioyes; and maist thou after be
 As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.

So said: the faire Parthenia, to whose heart
 Her fixt desires had taught th'unwilling Art
 Of disobedience, calls her iudgement in;
 And, of two euills, determines it a sin
 More veniall, by a resolute deniall,
 To proue vndutifull, then be disloyall
 To him, whose heart a sacred vow had tyed

So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus replied:

Madam,

♀ The angry gods have late conspir'd to show
 ' The utmost their enraged hands could doe,
 ' And having laid aside all mercy, stretch
 ' Their power, to make one miserable wretch,
 ' Whose curst and tortur'd soule must onely be
 ' The subject of their wrath; and I am she.
 ' Hard is the case! my deare desires must faile;
 ' My voves must cracke; my plighted faith be fraile;
 ' Or else affection must be so exil'd
 ' A mothers heart, that she renounce her child.

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
 Of teares gusht out, whose violence deny'd
 Th'intended passage of her doubling tongue:
 She stopt a while: Then on the floore she flung
 Her prostrate body, while her hands did teare
 (Not knowing what they did) her dainty haire,
 Sometimes she struck the ground; sometimes, her
 Began some words, & then wept out the rest; (breast:
 At last, her liewesse hands did, by degrees,
 Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
 And humbly rearing her sad eyes vpon
 Her mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

• Vpon these knees; these knees that ne're were bent
 To you in vaine; that neuer did present
 Their unrewarded duty; neuer rose
 Without a mothers blessing; vpon these,
 Vpon those naked knees, I recommend
 To your deare thoughts, those torments that attend
 Your poore Parthenia, whose unknowne distresse
 Craues rather death, then language to expresse.
 What shall I doe? Demagoras and Death

Sound both alike to these sad cares; that breath
 That names the one, does nominate the other.
 No, no, I cannot loue him; my deare mother,
 Command Parthenia now to undergoe
 What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
 The seale of my obedience in my heart.
 The gods themselues, that haue a secret art
 To force affection, cannot violate
 The lawes of Nature, nor the course of Fate.
 Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
 Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
 Toth' earth? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
 Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire.
 Euen so, by nature, 'tis all one to me,
 To loue Demagoras, and not to be,
 No, no, the heauens can doe no act that's greater,
 Then (hauing made so) to preserve their creature.
 And thinke you that the righteous Gods would fill me
 With such false ioyes, as (if enioy'd) would kill me?
 I know that they are mercifull: what they
 Command, they giue a power to obey.
 The ioyfull vision that your slumbring eyes
 Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
 A fayrer fortune, then the heauens can share
 To poore Partheniaes merit, whom despaire
 Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dreame discried
 A royall mariage; pointed out the Bride;
 Her safe Deliu'rance, and her smiling sonne;
 Honour and wealth; and after all was done,
 There wants a Bridegroom: him, the heauens haue
 Within my brest; by me, to be reueal'd;
 Which, if your patience shall vouchsafe to heare,
 My lips shall recommend unto your eare.

When as Basilius (may whose royall hand
 Long sway the scepter of th' Arcadian land)
 From Cyprus brought his more then princely Bride,
 The faire Gynecia, (whom as Greece deny'd
 An equall; so the world acknowledg'd none
 As her superiour in perfection :)
 Vpon this Ladies royall traine, and state,
 A great concourse of Nobles did awaite,
 And Cyprian Princes, with their princely port,
 To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court;
 Illustrious Princes were they : but as farre
 As midnight Phebe outshines the twinckling Starre,
 So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
 Surpast the rest, in honour and renowne;
 Whose perfect vertue findes more admiration
 In the Arcadian Court, then imitation :
 In th' ex'lence of his outward parts, and feature,
 The world conceines, the curious hand of Nature
 Outwent it selfe; which being richly fraught
 And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
 To be the chosen fortresse for protection
 Of all the Arts, and storehouse of perfection :
 The Cyprus stock did ne're, till now, bring forth
 So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth
 Brings greater glory to th' Arcadian Land,
 Then can the dull Arcadians understand;
 His name is Argalus.
 He (Madam) was that Cypresse wreath, that crown'd
 My nuptiall brows: And now the Bridegroom's found,
 Cloath'd in the mystery of that Cypresse wreath;
 Which, since the better gods haue pleas'd to breathe
 Into my soule, O may I cease to be,
 If eught, but death part Argalus and me :

Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
 What you desire, or what the gods command:
 For what the gods command, is your desire
 Parthenia should obey; and not respire
 Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
 The plot, wherein they haue vouchsaf'd a hand:
 We must submit our wils; what they enioyne,
 Must be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
 To crosse: we must endeavour to fulfill
 What else must come to passe against our will;
 My vovves are past, and second heauens decree,
 Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said; Th' impatient mothers kindled eye
 (Halfe closed with a murtherous frowne) let flie
 A scorching fireball, from whence was shed
 Some drops of choller; sternly shakes her head;
 With trembling hands vnlocks the doore, & flees,
 Leauing Parthenia on her aking knees,
 And as she fled, her fury thus began
 To open, *And is Argalus the man?*
 But there she stopt; when struiuing to expresse
 What rage had prompted, could do nothing lesse.

All you, whose deare affections haue beene tost
 In Cupids blanket, and vniustly crost
 By wilfull Parents, whose extreame command
 Haue made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
 That take a furious pleasure to diuorse
 Your soules from your best thoughts, nay (what is
 Then torture) force your fancies to respect, (worse
 And dearely loue, whom most you dis-affect:
 Draw neare, and comfort the distressed heart
 Of poore Parthenia; let your eyes impart
 One droppe at least: And whosoe're thou be

That read'st these lines, may thy desires see
 The like successe, if reading, thou forbear
 To wet this very paper with a teare.
 Behold (poore Lady) how an houres time
 Hath pluck't her faded roses from their prime,
 And like an vnregarded ruine, lies,
 With deaths vntimely image in her eyes.
 She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
 With promis'd ioyes, lies groueling on the ground;
 Her weary hand sustaines her drooping head;
 (Too soft a pillow for so hard a bed)
 Her eyes swolne vp, as loath to see the light,
 That would discouer so forlorne a sight :
 The flaxen wealth of her neglected haire
 Stick't fast to her pale cheeks with dried teares;
 And at first blush, she seemes, as if it were
 Some curious statue on a Sepulchre :
 Sometimes her brinie lips would whisper thus,
My Argalus, my dearest Argalus :
 And then they clos'd againe, as if the one
 Had kist the other, for that seruice done,
 In naming *Argalus* : sometimes oppress'd
 With a deepe sigh, she gaue her panting brest
 A sudden stroke; and after that, another,
 Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard hearted mother !*
 And sicke with her own thoughts, her passion stroue
 Betwixt the two extreames of griefe, and loue :
 The more she grieu'd, the more her loue abounded;
 The more she lou'd, the more her hart was wounded
 With desperate griefe: at length, the tyrannous force
 Of loue and griefe, sent forth this selfe discourse.

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia ?) how hath passion
 Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion ?*

Exil'd

Exil'd thy little iudgement, and betray'd thee
 To thine owne selfe? How nothing hath it made thee?
 How is thy weatber-beaten soule opprest
 With stormes and tempests blowne from the Northeast
 Of cold despaire? which, long ere this, had found
 Eternall rest; had bin orewhelm'd and drown'd
 In the deepe gulfe of all my miseries,
 Had I not pumpt this water from mine eies;
 My Argalus; O where, O where art thou?
 Thou little think'st thy poore Parthenia, now
 Istortur'd for thy sake; alas, (deare heart!)
 Thou know'st not the unsufferable smart
 I undergoe for thee: thou dost not keepe
 A Register of those sad teares I weepe,
 No, no, thou dost not.

Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, doe not spare
 To doe the worst (thy Agent) Mischiefe dare;
 Deuise new torments, or repeat the old,
 Vntill thou burst, or I complaine: Be bold,
 As bitter; I disdaine thy rage, thy power;
 Who's leueld with the earth, can fall no lower;
 Doe; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
 Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall;
 Thy practis'd malice can no evill deuise
 Too hard, for Argalus to exercise;
 His loue shall sweeten death, and make a torture
 My sportfull pastime, to make houres shorter,
 His loue shall fill my heart, and leaue no roome,
 Wherein your rage may practise martyrdoome.

But ere that word could vsher out another,
 The tender Virgins marble hearted mother
 Enters the Chamber; with a chang'd aspect
 Beholds Parthenia; with a new respect

Salutes

Salutes her child, and (hauing clos'd the doore)
 Her helpfull arme remoues her from the floore
 Whereon she lay; and, being set together,
 In gentle tearmes, she thus did commune with her.

Pernurse Parthenia, Is thy heart so sworne

To Argalus his loue, that it must scorne

Demagoras ? Are your soules conioyn'd so close,

That my entreaty may not enterpose ?

If so, what helpe ? yet let a mothers care

Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.

The sickle that's too early, cannot reape

A fruitfull Haruest : Looke, before you leape :

Adiourne your thoughts, and make a wise delay,

You cannot measure vertue in a day;

Vertues appeare, but vices baulke the light;

Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.

False are those ioyes, that are not mixt with doubt,

Fire easely kindled, will not easely out :

Diuide that loue, which thou bestowest on one,

Twixt two, try both; then take the best, or none :

Consult with time : for time bewrayes, discouers

The faith, the loue, the constancy of louers.

Acts done in haste, by leasure are repented,

And things, soone past, are oft, too late lamented.

With that, Parthenia, rising from her place,

And bowing with incomparable grace;

Made this reply; Madam, each seuerall day

Since first you gaue this body being, may

Write a large volume of your tender care,

Whose hourelly goodnesse if it should compare

With my deserts, alas, the world would show

Too great a summe; for one poore heart to owe;

I must confesse my heart is not so sworne

To Argalus his merit, as to scorne
 Demagoras; nor yet so loosely tyed,
 That I can slip the knot, and so diuide
 Entire affection, which must not be seuer'd,
 Nor euer can be (but in vaine) endeuour'd,
 My heart is one, and by one power guided;
 One is no number; cannot be diuided.
 And Cupids learned schoolemen haue resolu'd
 That loue diuided is but loue dissolu'd;
 But yet, what plighted faith, and honour may
 Not now vndoe, your counsell shall delay.
 Madam, Partheniaes hand is not so greedy,
 To reape her corne, before her corne be ready:
 Her vnaduised sickle shall not thrust
 Into her hopefull Haruest, ere needs must:
 To yours Parthenia shall submit her skill,
 Whose season shall be season'd by your will:
 Her time of haruest shall admit no measure
 But only what's proportion'd by your pleasure.
 So ended she; But till that darkensse got
 The mastery of the light, they parted not.
 The mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
 The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
 His very name, had not her mother spok't)
 She pleads her vow, which cannot be reuokt,
 Yet still the mother pleads, and does omit
 No way vntryed, that a hard hearted wit
 Knowes to deuise; perswades, allures, entreats;
 Mingles his words wth smiles, with tears, wth threats;
 Commands, coniures; tries one way, tries another,
 Does th'vtmost that a marble breasted mother
 Can doe; and yet the more she did apply,
 The more she taught Parthenia to deny;

The more she did assault, the more contend;
 The more she taught the virgin to defend.
 At last, despairing (for her words did finde
 More ease to moue a mountaine, then her minde)
 She spake no more; but from her chaire she started,
 And spit these words, *Goe peeuish Girle*, and parted.
 Away she flings, and finding no successe
 In her lost words, her fury did addresse
 Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot;
 Actions must now enforce, what words could not.
 Treason is in her thoughts; Her furious breath
 Can whisper now no language, vnder death;
 Poore *Argalus* must dye; and his remoue
 Must make the passage to *Demagoras* loue:
 And till that barre be broken, or put by,
 No hope to speed; Poore *Argalus* must dye.
Demagoras is call'd to counsell now,
 Consults, consents; and, after mutuall vow,
 Resolving on the act, they both conspire
 Which way to execute their close desire.
 Drawing his keene *Steeletto* from his side,
Madam (saith he) *This medicine well applide*
To Argalus his bosome, will giue rest
To him, and me; the sudden way is best.
My Lord (saith she) *your trembling hand may misse*
The marke, and then your selfe in danger is
Of outcry; or perchance his owne resistance.
Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance.
A drugg's the better weapon; which does breathe
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetnesse: Come, a drugge strikes sure;
And works our ends, and yet we sleepe secure.
My Lord, bethinke no other; Set your rest

Upon these Cards; The surest way is best :
 Leave me to manage our successfull plot,
 And if these studious browes contriue it not
 Too sure, for art of Magicke to preuent,
 We're trust a womans wit, when fully bent
 To take reuenge : Begone, my Lord; repose
 The trust in me : Onely be wise, be close.

That night, when as the vniuersall shade
 Of the vnspangled heauen, and earth had made
 An vtter darknesse; (darknesse, apt to further
 The horrid enterprize of rapes, and murther)
 She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
 A full reuenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
 (*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake.

Athleia, dare thy priuate thoughts partake
 With mine ? Canst thou be secret ? Has thy heart
 A locke, that none can pick by theevish art,
 Or breake by force ? Tell me, Canst thou digest
 A secret, trusted to thy faithfull brest ?

Madam, faith she, Let me be neuer true
 To my owne thoughts, if euer false to you :
 Speake what you please; *Athleia* shall conceale,
 Torments may make me roare, but ne're reueale.

Replyde the Lady then : *Athleia* knows
 How much, how much my deare affection owes
Partheniaes heart, whose welfare is the crowne
 Of all my ioyes, which now is ouerthrowne
 And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
 If thou betray the secret of my trust.

It lyeth in thy power to remoue
 Approaching euills : *Parthenia* is in loue :
 Her wasted spirits languish in her brest,
 And nought, but look'd for death, can giue her rest;

¶ Tis Argalus she loves; who, with disdain,
 Requites her love, not loving her againe;
 He sleights her teares : The more that he neglects,
 The more entirely she (poore soule) affects,
 She groanes beneath the burden of despaire,
 And with her sighes she cloyes the idle ayre.
 Thou art acquainted with her private teares;
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and eares,
 Must know too much, for one poore heart t'endure;
 But desperate's the wound admits no Cure :
 It lies in thee to helpe : Athleia, say,
 Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way ?

Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
 Sufficient earnest of my secrecie :
 Your lips haue utter'd nothing that is new
 To Athleias cares : Alas, it is too true.
 Long, long ere this, your seruant reueal'd
 The same to you, had not my lips bin seal'd :
 But if my best endeauours may extend
 To bring my Mistresse sorrowes to an end
 Let all the enraged Dieties allot
 To me worse torment, if I doe it not :
 My life's too poore to hazard for her ease;
 Madam, Ile doo't; Command me what you please :
 So said; The treacherous Lady steps aside,
 Into her serious closet; and applide
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
 This forged letter, in Partheniaes name.

Constant Parthenia to her faithfull Argalus.

Although the malice of a mother
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
 What my desire is, should flame;
 yet Parrhenia is the same,

*Although my fire be hid a while,
Tis but fire slak'd with oyle;
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burne, and blaze withall.*

*What I send thee, drinke with speed,
Else let my Argalus take heed;
Vnlesse thy providence withstand,
there is treason ne're at hand;
Drinke as thou lou'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers; or from past, recure thee.*

This done, and seal'd, she op'd her priuate doore,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and said; For euery sore
The gods provide a salue, Force must preuaile,
Where sighes and teares, and deepe entreaties faile.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she tooke
A little glasse, and said, *Athleia*, looke
Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
Partheniaes happinesse, and life consists;
It is *Nepenthé*; which the factious gods
Doe vse to drinke, when ere they be at ods,
Whose secret vertue (so infus'd by Ioue)
Does turne deepe hatred, into dearest loue;
It makes the proudest lover whine and baule,
And such to dote, as neuer lou'd at all;
Here, take this glasse, and recommend the same
To Argalus in his *Partheniaes* name,
And to his hand, to his owne hand commit
This letter; Betweene Argalus, and it
Let no eye come: Be sure thy speed preuent
The rising Sun: and so heauens crowne th'euent.
By this the feather'd Bellman of the night

Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber; when they both addrest
Their thoughtfull minds, to take a doubtfull rest.

O *heavens* ! and you, O you *celestiall powers*,
That neuer slumber, but imploy all houres
In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
Our soules from obuious dangers, waking, sleeping,
O, can your all-discerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper, vncontroll'd ?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your seruant (that now sleepest secure,
Vnarm'd, vnwarn'd, and hauing no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd, and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His owne prepar'd destruction, his owne death ?
And will ye suffer't ? He that is the crowne
Of prized vertue, honour and renowne;
The flower of Arts; the *Cyprian* liuing story;
Arcadias Girland, and great *Greeces* glory;
The earths new wonder; and the worlds example,
Must dye betraid; Treason and death must trample
Vpon his life; and, in the dust, must lye
As much admir'd perfection, as can dye.
No, *Argalus*, the coward hand of death
Durst ne're assault thee, if not vnderneath
The maske of loue : Thou art aboue the reach
Of open wrōgs; Mans force could ne're make breach
Into thy life : no, *Death* could ne're vncase
Thy soule, had she appeared face to face.
Dreame, *Argalus*; and let thy thoughts be troubled
With murthers, treasons; let thy dreams be doubled
And what thy frighted fancy shall perceiue,
Be wisely superstitious, and beleue.

O, that my lines could wake thee now, and seuer
 Those eyelids, that ere long must sleepe for euer.
 Wake, now or neuer *Argalus*, and withstand
 Thy danger: Wake, the murthereffe is at hand,
Parthenia, oh *Parthenia*, who shall weepe
 Thy world of teares? Canst thou, O canst thou sleepe?
 Will thy dull Genius giue thee leaue to slumber?
 Does nothing trouble thee? no dreame incumber
 Thy frighted thoughts? and *Argalus* so neere
 His latest houre? Not one dreaming teare?
 Sleepe on: and when thy flattrring slumber's past,
 Perchance, thine eyes will learne to weepe as fast.
 His death is plotted; And this morning light
 Must send him downe, into eternall night.
 Nay, what is worse then worst; His dying breath
 Will censure thee, as *Agent* in his death.

By this the broadfac'd *Quirister* of night
 Surceas'd her screeching note, and tooke her flight
 To the next neighbring Ivy: Birds and beasts
 Forsake the warme protection of their nests,
 And nightly dens, whilst darknesse did display
 Her sable curtaines, to let in the day,
 When sad *Athleia's* dreame had vnbenighted
 Her slumbring eies: her busie thoughts were frigh-
 She rose, & trembled; & being halfe distraught (ted
 With her prophetick feares, she thus bethought.

What ayle the Gods, thus to disturbe my rest,
 And make such earthquakes in my troubled brest?
 Nothing but death, and murders? Graues and Bells?
 Frighting my fancy, with their houely knells?
 'Twas nothing but a dreame; and dreames they say,
 Expound themselves the cleane contrary way.
 The Riddle's read; and now I understand

*My dreames intents : Some mariage is at hand :
 For death interpreted, is nothing else
 But Mariage; And the melancholly Bells,
 Is mirth and musicke : By the grane, is read
 The ioyfull ioy, full, ioyfull, mariage bed :
 I, It is plaine : And now, methinks 'twas I,
 That my prophetick dreame foretold, should dye.
 If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
 And let Athleia dye within this houre.
 Doe, doe thy worst; Athleia's faithfull breath
 Shall pray for nothing more then sudden death.
 But stay, Athleia, the too forward day,
 Begins to gild the East; away, away.*

*So hauing said; The nimble fingerd Lasse
 Tooke the forg'd letter, and the amorous glasse,
 And, to her early progresse, she applies her,
 Departs, and towards Argalus she hies her;
 But euery step she tooke, her mind enforc'd
 New thoughts, & with her selfe, she thus discours'd.*

*How fraile's the nature of a womans will !
 How crosse ! The thing that's most forbidden, still
 They more desire; and least inclinde, to doe
 What they are most of all perswaded too.
 Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
 Athleia ne're had struggled with her bands.
 I must not tast it ! Had she not conioyn'd
 My lips from tasting it, Athleia's mind
 Had neuer thought on't; now, methinkes I long;
 Desires, if once confinde, become too strong
 For womans conquer'd reason to resist;
 A womans reason's measur'd by her list.
 I long to tast : yet was there nothing did
 Moone my desires, but that I was forbid.*

With

With that she stayd her weary steps, and hasted
T'vntye the Glasse; lift vp her arme and tasted;
That done (and hauing now attain'd, almost
Her iornneyes end) the little time she lost,
New speed regaines; The nimble ground she traces
With double hast, and quicke redoubled paces.
All on a sudden, she begins to faint;
Her bowells gripe, her breath begins to taint;
Her blistred tongue growes hot, her liuer glowes;
Her vaines doe boile, her colour comes and goes:
She staggers; falls; and on the ground she lyes;
Swels like a bladder; roares; and bursts; and dyes.

Thus from her ruine, *Argalus* deriues
His longer life, and by her death, he liues;
Liue *Argalus*, and let the gods allot (not:
Such morning draughts, to those that loue thee
Liue long; and let the righteous powers aboue,
That haue preseru'd thee for *Parthenia's* loue,
Crowne all thy hopes, and fortunes, with euent
Too sure, for second treasons to preuent.

By this time, did the lauish breath of *Fame*
Give language to her *Trumpet*, and proclaime
Athleias death, the current of which newes
Truths warrant had forbidden to abuse
Deceiued cares: which, when the *Lady* heard,
Whose trecherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertaine a murther; she arose,
And with rude violence desperately throwes
Her trembling body, on the naked floore,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not vtter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the faire *Parthenia's* mother:
May it suffice, that the extreames of shame,

And vnresisted sorrow ouercame
 Her disappointed malice, lesse lamenting
 The treason, then successe; and more repenting
 Of what she fail'd to doe, then what she did,
 Her fullen soule dispaire; her thoughts forbid
 What reason wants the power, to perswade;
 Her griefes being growne too deepe for her to wade,
 She sinks; and with a hollow sigh, she cryed,
Welcome thou easer of all euills, and dyed.

Now tongues begin to walke; and euery eare
 Hath got the *Saturyasis* to heare
 This tragicke sceane: The breath of *Fame* grows bold
 Feares no repulse, and scornes to be controlld,
 Whilst lowd report, (whose tender lips before,
 Durst onely whisper) now begins to roare;
 The letter, found in dead *Athleias* brest,
 Bewray'd the plot; and what (before) was guest,
 Is now confirm'd, and clear'd: for all men knew
 Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But haue we lost *Parthenia*? In what Isle
 Of endlesse sorrow lurks she all this while?
 Sweet Reader, vrge me not to tell, for feare
 Thy heart dissolue, and melt into a teare.
 Excuse my silence: If my lines should speake,
 Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would breake;
 No, leaue her to her selfe: It is not fit
 To write, what being read, you'd wish vnwrit:
 I leaue the taske to those, that take delight,
 To see poore Ladyes tortur'd in despight
 Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
 To paint a torment to the very life.
 I leaue that taske to such, as haue the powre
 To weepe, and smile againe within an houre.

To those, whose flinty hearts are more contented
 To limme a griefe, then pittie the tormented.
 Let it suffice, that had not heauen protected
 Her *Argalus*; the ioy whereof, corrected
 That furious griefe, which passion recommended
 To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.

When Time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd
 Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrowes, raising from the ground
 Her body spent with griefe, and almost drown'd
 In her owne teares; a long expected Sceane
 Of better fortune enters in, to dreane
 His marish eyes: her stormy night of teares
 Being past, a welcome day of ioy appeares;
 The rocke's remou'd, and loues wide *Ocean* now
 Gives roome enough; lookes with a milder brow.
 Reader forget thy sorrowes; Let thine eare
 Welcome the tydings thou so longst to heare:
 A louers diet's sweet, commixt with sower;
 His hell and heuens oft-time, diuides an houre.

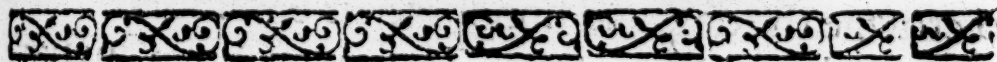
Now *Argalus* can finde a faire accesle
 To his *Parthenia*: now, feares nothing lesse
 Then eares and eyes; and now *Partheniaes* heart
 Can giue her tongue the freedome, to impart
 His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
 Can looke her fill, and feare no stander by.
 She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
 And he not *Argalus*, if not together. (char
 Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues with
 Now, this they make their subiect, and now that.
 One while they laugh; and laughing wrangle too,
 And iarre, as ielous louers vse to doe.
 And then a kisse, must make them friends againe,

Faith, one's too little; Lovers must haue twaine;
 Two brings in ten; ten multiplies to twenty;
 That, to a hundred: then because the plenty
 Growes troublesome to count, and does incumber
 Their lipes; their lips gaue kisses without number.
 Their thoughts run backe to former times: they told
 Of all loues passages, they had of old.
 Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why;
 The manner how, and who were present by;
 The mothers craft; her vndeceiu'd suspition;
 Her bated words, her marble disposition;
 Her pining thoughts; and her proiecting feares;
 Her soliloquies, and her secret teares;
 Where first they met; Th'occasion of their meeting;
 Their complement; the manner of their greeting;
 His danger; his deliuerance; and the reason.
 That first induc't the *Agents* to the treason.
 Thus, by the priuiledge of time, and leisure;
 Their sweet discourses (crown'd wth mutuall pleasure
 Commixt with greife) they equall with the light,
 And, after grumble at the enuious night,
 Which bids them part too soone: what, day denyde
 In words, in thoughts, the tedious night supplyde,
 Which blam'd the Fates for doing louers wrong,
 To make the day so short; the night so long.

But now the little winged god repented
 That he had laught so much; his heart relented;
 His very soule grew sad; his blinded eye
 Began to weepe, at his owne tyranny;
 Laments their sorrowes: finds a secret way,
 To make the night as pleasing as the day.
 Calls *Hymen* in, and in his care discouers
 The lingring torments of these wounded louers:

Gives him a charge, no longer to deferre,
 T'engrosse their names, within his *Register*.
 And now *Partheniaes* haruest draweth neare,
 (The dearly earned price of many a teare)
 Her ioy shall reape, what a world of griefe hath sown,
 The time's appointed, and the day's set downe;
 Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptiall bands
 Shall ioyne together their espoused hands
 Here stop *my Muse*: Retire thy selfe, and stay,
 To gather breath against the *marriage day*.

*Readers, the ioyfull Bride saluts yee all;
 In her behalfe, if any haue let fall
 A tender teare; to those, she makes request,
 That they'd be pleas'd to grace her marriage feast.*



A R G A L V S A N D P A R T H E N I A .

The Second Booke.

S Ayle gentle *Pinace*: Now the heauens are cleare,
 The winds blow faire: Behold the harbour's neere.
 Trydented *Neptune* hath forgot to frowne;
 The rocks are past; The storme is ouerblowne;
 Vp wetherbeaten voyagers and rouze yee,
 Forsake your loathed *Cabbins*; vp, and louze ye
 Vpon the open decks; and smell the land;
 Cheare vp; the welcome shoare is nigh at hand:

Sayle gentle *Pinace*, with a prosperous gale,
 To th' Isle of *peace*: Saile gentle *Pinace*, saile;
 Fortune conduct thee; Let thy keele diuide
 The siluer streames, that thou maist safely slide
 Into the bosome of thy quiet *Key*,
 And quite thee fairely of th' iniurious *Sea*. (power

Great Seaborne *Queene*, thy birthright giues thee
 T' assist poore suppliants; grant one happy houre,
 O, let these wounded louers be possesst,
 At length, of their so long desired rest.

Now, now the ioyfull marriage *day* drawes on;
 The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroom's* gone
 To call his fellow Princes to the feast;
 The *Girland's* made; The bridall *chamber's* drest;
 The *Muses* haue consulted with the *Graces*,
 To crowne the day; and honour their embraces
 With shadow'd *Epithalmes*: Their warbling tongues
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs;
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
 And *Bacchus* laughs to think vpon the day;
 The virgin tapors, and what other rights
 Doe appertaine to *Nuptiall* delights,
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest
 The ioyfull triumph of this marriage feast.

But stay! who lends me now an yron pen,
 T' engraue within the marble hearts of men
 A tragick sceane; which whosoe'r shall reade,
 His eyes may spare to weepe, and learne to bleed
 Carnation teares: If time shall not allow
 His death preuented eyes to weepe enow,
 Then let his dying language recommend
 What's left to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all Muses; come; afford

Thy

Thy studious helpe, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at least;) that euey line
May pickle vp a kingdome in the brine
Of their owne teares: O teach me to extract
The spirit of griefe, whose vertue may distract
Those brests, which sorrow knowes not how to kill;
Inspier, ô inspire my melting Quill,
And, like sad Niobé, let euey one
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh
So to the life, that whosoe're be nigh
May heare it breathe, and learne to doe the like
By imitation, till true passion strike
Their bleeding hearts: Let such as shall rehearse
This story, haue like Irish at a Herse.

Th' euent still crownes the act: Let no man say,
Before the euening's come; Tis a faire day:

When as the *Kalends* of this bridall feast
Were entred in, and euey longing brest
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining nouelties)
Were growne impatient now, to be suffis'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honour* had deuise'd
T' adorne the times withall, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia* taking sweet occasion
To blesse her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seeme as dayes; and euey day
A measur'd age; into her secret bower
Betooke her weary steps, where euey houre
Her greedy eares expect to heare the summe
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.

She

She hopes, she feares at once; and still she muses
 What makes him stay so long, she chides; excuses;
 She questions; answers; and she makes reply,
 And talkes, as if her *Argalus* were by;
 Why com'st thou not? Can *Argalus* forget
 His languishing *Parthenia*? what, not yet?
 But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
 Which seem'd as if it were the whispering voice
 Of close conspiracy: she began to feare
 She knew not what, till her deceiued eare,
 Instructed by her hopes, had singled out
 The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout,
 Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare
 By stealth to sieze vpon her vnaware:
 She gaue aduantage to the thriuing plot,
 Hearing the noyse, as if she heard it not.
 Like as young Doves, which ne're had yet forsaken
 The warme protection of their nests, or taken
 Vpon themselves a safe-providing care,
 To shift for food, but with paternall fare
 Grow fat and plump; think euery noise they heare,
 Their full cropt parents are at hand, to cheare
 Their crauing stomacks, whilst th'impartiall fist
 Of the false Cater, rifling where it list
 In euery hole, surprises them, and sheds
 Their guiltlesse blood, and parts their gasping heads
 From their vaine struggling bodies; so; euen so
 Our poore deceiu'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
 Too much to her owne hopes) the whilst her eyes
 Were set, to welcome the vnualued prize
 Of all her ioyes, her dearest *Argalus*,
 Steps in *Demagoras*, and saluts her thus:
 Base Trull; *Demagoras* comes to let thee see,

How much he scornes thy painted face, and thee;
 Foole Sorceresse! Could thy prosperous actions think
 To scape reuenge, because the gods did wink
 At thy designs? Think'st thou thy mothers blood
 Cries in a language, not to be understood?
 Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
 Thy pamper'd lust, but by the sauage murder
 Of thine owne aged parent, whose sad death
 Must giue a freedome to the whisp'ring breath
 Of thy enioy'd adult'rer? who (they say)
 Will cloake thy whoredome, with a mariage day;
 May struggle not; here's none that can reprieue
 Such pounded beasts; It is in vaine to strue,
 Or roare for helpe: why do'st not rather weepe,
 That I may laugh? Perchance, if thou wilt creepe
 Vpon thy wanton belly, and confesse
 Thy selfe a true repentant murtheresse,
 My sinfull Page may play the foole, and gather
 Thy early fruit into his barne, and father
 Thy new-got Cyprian bastard, if that he
 Be halfe so wise, that got it, but to flee.
 Hah! dost thou weepe? or doe false mists but mocke
 Our cheated eyes? From so obdure a rock
 Can water flow? weeping will make thee faire;
 Weepe till thy mariage day; that who repaire
 To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
 And, in a mirrour, see what teares can doe.
 Vile strumpet! did thy flattering thoughts e're wrong
 Thy iudgement so; to thinke, Demagoras tongue
 Could so abuse his honour, as to sue
 For serious loue? So base a thing as you
 (Me thinks) should rather fixe your wanton eyes
 Vpon some easie groome, that hopes to rise

H

Demagoras abuseth
 as if she had murd
 her own mother

Into

*Into his masters fauour, for your sake;
 I; this had beene preferment, like to make
 A hopefull fortune: thou presumptuous trash!
 What was my courtship? but the minuts dash
 Of youthfull passion, to allay the dust
 Of my desires, and exuberous lust?
 I scorne thee to the soule, and here I stand
 Bound for reuenge, whereto I set my hand.*

With that, he caught her rudely by the faire
 And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hayre;
 And, by it, dragd her on the dusty floore:
 He stopt her mouth, for feare she should implore
 An aid from heauen, she frowning in the place,
 His salvage hands besmear'd her liuelesse face
 With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
 He left her breathlesse, and away he fled.

*Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
 Infernall Harpies, or what, else, inherits
 The land of darknesse; you, that still conuerse
 With damned soules; you, you that can rehearse
 The horrid facts of villanies, and can tell
 How euery hell hound lookes, that roares in hell;
 Suruey them all; and, then, informe my pen,
 To draw in ore, the monster of all men;
 Teach me to limme a villaine, and to paint
 With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant,
 That e're the mouth of insolent disdain
 Vouchsaf'd to spit vpon; the ripened blaine
 Of all diseased humours, fit for none
 But dogs to lift their hasty legs vpon:
 So cleare mens eyes, that whosoe're shall see
 The type of basenesse, may cry, This is He;
 Let his reproach be a perpetuall blot*

In Honours booke : Let his remembrance rot
 In all good mindes : Let none but villaines call
 His bugbeare name to memory, wherewithall
 To fright their bauling bastards : Let no spell
 Be found more potent, to preuaile in hell,
 Then the nine letters of his charme-like name;
 Which, let our bashfull Chriscrosse row disclaime
 To the worlds end, not fitting to be set
 As mutes, within the Iewish Alphabet.

But harke! Am I deceiu'd, or doe I heare
 The voice of *Arg' lus* sounding in mine eare?
 He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be
 No counterfeit : He's come : 'tis he, 'tis he.
 Welcome too late, that art now come too soone;
 Hadst thou bin here, this deed had ne're bin done.
 Alas ! when louers linger, and outgoe
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they doe :
 Men fondly say, that women are too fond ;
 At parting, to require so strict a bond
 For quicke returne : Poore soules ! 'tis they endure
 Oft times the danger of the forfeiture;
 I blame them not; for mischief still attends
 Vpon the too long absence of true friends.

Well; *Argalus* is come, and seekes about
 In euery roome, to finde *Parthenia* out;
 He askes, enquires; but all lips are sparing
 To be the authors of ill newes, not daring
 To speake the truth; they all amazed stand;
 And now, my Lord's as fearfull to demand;
 Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad eare
 Should heare such words, as he's afraid to heare :
 All lips are boulded with a linnen barre,
 And euery eye does, like a blazing star,

Portend some euill; no language findes a leake;
 The lesse they speake, the more he feares to speake.
 Faces grow sad, and euery priuate eare
 Is turn'd a *Closet* for the whisperer;
 He walkes the roome, and like an vnknowne stranger
 They eye him; from each eye, he picks a danger;
 At last, his lips not daring to importune
 What none dare tell him, vnexpected fortune
 Leads his rash steps into a darkned roome;
 A place more black then night; no sooner come,
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deepe
 As a spent heart could giue; he hard one weepe,
 And by the noise of groanes and sobs; was led
 (Hauing none other guide) to the sad bed.

*Who is't (said he) that calls vntimely night
 To hide those griefes that thus abiure the light?
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
 She past a sigh, and said, O aske not who?
 Vrge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
 To your demand: Alas! it is not I:
 Not I (said he?) what a language doe I heare;
 Darknesse may stop mine eye, but not mine eare,
 It is my deare Parthenia's voice; ah me,
 And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be?
 What meanes this word, (Alas! it is not I?)
 What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
 Thy selfe? or what can Argalus then claime,
 If his Parthenia be not the same,
 She was; alas, it seemes to me all one
 To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her owne.
 Can hills forget their pondrous bulk, and flye,
 Like wandring Atomes, in the empty sky?
 Or can the heauens, (growne idle) not fulfill*

*Their certaine revolutions, but stand still,
And leaue their constant motion for the winde
T'inherit? Can Parthenia change her minde?
Heauen sooner shall stand still, and earth remoue,
E're my Parthenia falsifie her loue:
Vnfold thy Riddle then; and tell me, why
Those lips should say, (Alas it is not I.)*

*Whereto she thus reply'd; O doe not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow
That curs'd name a roome, within thy brest,
Let not so foule a prodigy be blest
With thy lost breath; Let it be held a sin
Too great for pardon, e're to name't agen;
Let darknesse hide it in eternall night;
May it be clad with horror, to affright
A desp'rate conscience; He that knowes not how
To mouthe a curse, O let him practise now
Vpon this name; Let him that would contract
The body of all mischiefe, or extract
The quint' essence of all sorrowe, onely claime
A secret priuiledge to vse that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foule a sin, as once to mention it:
Loue happy Arg'lus; doe not thou partake
In these my miseries: O forbear to make
My burthen greater, by thy tender sorrow;
Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needlesse helpe: O be not thou so cruell
To feed my flaming fiers, with thy fuell;
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Vsurpe my stage, and act Parthenia's part?
It is my proper taske: what dost thou meane,
Without my licence, to intrude my Sceane?*

¶ *Alas ! thy sorrowes ease not my distresse ;*
 c *God knowes, I weepe not one poore teare the lesse :*
My patent's sign'd and past; whereby appears
That I haue got the Monopoly of teares :
In me, let each mans torment finde an end :
I am that Sea, to which all Riuerst tend :
 , *Let all spent mourners, that can weepe no more,*
 , *Take teares on trust, and set them on my score.*
 And as the spake that word, his heart not able
 To beare a language so vn sufferable,
 But being swolne so big, must either breake
 Or vent, his darkened reason grew too weake
 T'oppose his quickned passion (like a man
 Transported from himselfe) he thus began;
 Accursed darknesse ! Thou sad type of death !
Infernall Hagge, whose dwelling is beneath !
What meanes thy boldnesse to vsurpe this roome,
And force a night, before the night be come ?
Get, get thee downe, and keepe within thy lists;
Goe reuell there; and hurle thy hideous mists
Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
In utter darkenesse, and abhorre the light;
Returne thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came
And hide those faces, whose infernall flame
Cals for more darknesse, and whose tortur'd soules
Craue the protection of th' obscurest holes,
To scape some lashes, and auoid those strict
And horrid plagues, the furies doe inflict :
But if thou needs must ramble here, aboue ;
Goe to some other Clymate, and remoue
Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
That bate thy Tyranny : Goe exercise
Thy power in Groues, and solitary springs,

Where

Where Bats are subiects, and where Owles are kings;
 Goe to the graues, and fill those empty roomes,
 That such as slumber in their silent Toombs
 May blesse thy welcome shades, and lie possesst
 Of undisturbed and eternall rest.

Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
 To haunt the liuing, haste thee, and retire
 Into some Cloister, and there stand betweene
 The light, and those that faine would sin, vnseene;
 Assist them there; and let thy ugly shapes
 Count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes;
 Benight those roomes; and aid all such as feare
 The eye of heauen; Goe; close thy curtaines there;
 Wee need thee not (foule witch) away, away;
 Thou hid'st more beautie then the noone of day
 Can giue; O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
 On this darke bed, the glory of the world.

So said; Abruptly hee the roome departs,
 His cheekes looke pale, his curled haire vpstarts
 Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
 Quicke flashes like the flames of lightning flye;
 He calls for light; the light no sooner come,
 But his owne hand conuayes it to the roome
 From whence he came, and as he entred in
 He blest himselfe; he blest himselfe agin;
 Thrice did he blesse himselfe, and after said,

Foule witch, begon; and let thy dismall shade
 Forsake this place; Let thy darke fogs obey
 Great Vulcans charge; In Vulcans name, away;
 Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaime
 His soueraignty, in my Parthenia's name
 I charme thee hence. And as that word flew out,
 He steps to that sad bed, where round about,

Clos'd

Clos'd were the curtaines, as if darknesse did
 Command that such a Jewell should be hid :
 His left hand held the *tapour*, and his right
 Enforc'd the curtaines, to absolue the light;
 Which done; appear'd before his wondring eye
 The truest pourtrait of deformity,
 As e're the Sun beheld : That louely face
 That was, of late, the modell of all grace
 And peerelesse beauty, whose imperious eyes
 Rauisht where e're they lookt, and did surprise
 The very soules of men; she, she of whom
 Nature her selfe was proud, is now become
 So loath'd an obiect, so deform'd, disguiz'd,
 As darknesse, for mans sake, was well aduis'd
 To cloath in mists, least any were incited
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
 All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
 It was no dreame, he fell vpon the ground;
 And rau'd; and rose agen; stood still, and gaz'd;
 At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd;
 Lookes now vpon the light; and now on her;
 One while his tyred fancy does refer
 His thoughts to silence; as his thoughts encrease,
 His passion strives for vent, and breakes that peace,
 Which conquer'd reason had, of late, concluded,
 And thus began; *Are these false eyes deluded ?*
Or haue enchanted mists slept in betweene
My abused eyes, and what mine eyes haue scene ?
No; mischief cannot aet so faire a part,
T'affright in iest; it goes beyond the art
Of all blacke bookes, to maske with such disguise,
So sweet a face; I know, that these are eyes;
And this a light; False mists could neuer be

Betwixt

Betwixt my poore Parthenia, and me.

*Accursed Tapour ! what infernall spright
 Breath'd in thy face ? what Fury gaue thee light !
 Thou impe of Phlegeton; who let thee in,
 To force a day, before the day begin ?
 Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom
 What leane chapt fury did I snatch thee from ?
 When as this cursed hand did goe about
 To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
 Be all such Tapours cursed, for thy sake;
 Ne're shine, but at some Vigill, or sad Wake;
 Be neuer seene, but when as sorrow cals
 Thy needfull helpe to nightly funerals;
 Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
 To sport about; and Owles, to wonder at :
 Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
 To fright the Sexton from his passing Bell :
 Giue light to none but treasons, and be hid
 In their darke-lanthorns : Let all mirth forbid
 Thy treacherous flames the roome : and if that none
 Shall deigne to put thee out, goe out alone;
 Attend some misers table, and then waste
 Too soone, that he may curse thee for thy haste;
 Burne dimme for euer : Let that flatt'ring light
 Thou feed'st, consume thy stock : be banisht quite
 From Cupids Court : When louers goe about
 Their stolne pleasures, let your flames goe out;
 Henceforth be vsfull to no other end,
 But onely to burne day light, or attend
 The midnight Cups of such as shall resigne,
 With vsurie, their indigested wine:
 Why dost thou burne so cleare ? Alas ! these eyes,
 Discerne too much; Thy wanton blaze doth rise*

*Too high a pitch : Thou burnst too bright, for such
 As see no comfort; O thou shin'st too much :
 Why dost thou vex me ? Is thy flame so stout
 I'ndure my breath ? This breath shall puffe thee out.
 Thus, thus my ioyes are quite extinguish't, neuer
 To be reuiu'd : Thus gone, thus gone for euer.*

With that, transported with a furious haſt,
 He blew it out : but mark, that very blaſt
 (As if it meant, on purpoſe, to diſclaime
 His deſp'rat thought) reuiu'd th'extinguish't flame.
 He ſtands amaz'd; and, hauing mu'd a while,
 Beholds the Tapour, and begins to ſmile.

*And can the gods themſelues (ſaid he) contriue
 Away for hope ? Can my paſt ioyes reuiue,
 Like this rekindled fier ? If they doe,
 I'le curſe my lips (bright Lamp) for curſing you.
 Eternall Fates ! Deale fairely; dally not :
 If your hid bounties haue reſeru'd a lot
 Beyond my wained hopes, be it expreſt
 In open view; make haſte; and doe your beſt :
 But if your Juſtice be determin'd ſo,
 To exerciſe your vengeance on my woe,
 Strengthen not what at length you meane to burſt;
 Strike home betimes; diſpatch; and doe your worſt :
 That burthen is too great for him to beare
 That's eauenly poiſed betwixt hope and feare.*

And there he ſtopt; as fearing to moleſt
 The ſilent peace of her diſſembled reſt.
 He gaz'd vpon her; ſtood as in a trance;
 Sometimes her liueleſſe hand he would aduance
 To his ſad lips; then ſteale it downe agen;
 Sometimes, a teare would fall vpon't; and then
 A ſigh muſt dry it; Euery kiſſe did beare

A sigh; and euery sigh begat a teare :
 He kist; she sigh'd; he wept; and, for a space,
 He fixt his eye vpon her wounded face,
 And, in a whispering language, he disburs'd
 His various thoughts; thus, with himselfe, discours'd :

*And were the Sun beames of those eyes too fierce
 For mortall view ? Or did those fires disperse
 Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder ?
 Or did thy youth make treason e're the bolder
 To staine that brow; and by a midnight theft
 To scale more beauty, then the day had left ?*

*Or did that blinde, that childish god discry
 A kinde of twilight from that heauenly eye,
 Which, ouer-bright, he sought to make more dim,
 By blurring that, which, else, had blasted him ?*

*Or did the Sea-borne Goddesse- Queene repine
 To see her star so much outshone by thine;
 And filld with rage, and enuious despight,
 Sent downe a cloud, t' eclipse so faire a light ?*

*Or did the wiser deities foresee
 This likely danger; that when men should see
 So bright a Lampe, fearing they should commit
 Such sweet Idolatry, benighted it ?*

*Or did the too too carefull gods conspire
 A good for man, transcending mans desire,
 And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
 Gaue it a wound, lest it should wound too many ?
 If so they meant, they might haue by more kinde
 To saue that beauty, and haue stricke vs blind.*

Before the sound of his last breath was gon,
 Her speech (being marshall'd with a powerfull groan,
 Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
 Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue

Wept forth these words; *Thus fleet, thus transitory*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poore earth can giue; Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
Can quit that debt, that necessary duty,
They owe to Change and Time, but, like a flower,
They flourish now, and fade within an houre.
The world's compos'd of Change; there's nothing stayer
At the same point; all alters; all decays :
The world is like a Play, where euery age
Concludes her Sceane, and so departs the stage;
And when Times hasty Houre-glasse is run,
Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.
Who acts the King to day, by change of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not :
Whose beauty was ador'd ore night, next morning,
May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning :
Looke where we list, there's nothing to the eye
Seemes truly constant, but Inconstancy.

Most deare Parthenia (Argalus reply'd)
Had thy deceiu'd eye but stept aside,
And lookt vpon thy Argalus his brest;
I know, I know, thy language had profest
Another faith: thy lips had ne're let flie,
At vnawares, so great an Heresie :
Tis not the change of fauour, that can change
My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
My best affections, so for euer fixt
On thee; nothing, but Death, can come betwixt
My soule, and thine; If I had lou'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancy had giuen place,
Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
Vpon new fortunes, and the old had ended.
If I had lou'd thee, for thy heauenly eye,

I might haue courted the bright maiesty
 of Titan: If thy curious lips had snar'd
 My lick'rish thoughts, I might haue soone prepar'd
 A blushing Currall, or some full ripe Chery,
 And pleas'd my lips, untill my lips were weary;
 Or if the smoothnesse of thy whiter brow
 Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
 To outward obiects, polisht Marble might
 Haue giuen as much content, as much delight;
 In brieft, had Argalus his flatter'd eye
 Bin pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
 Thy curious picture might haue then supply'd
 My wants, more full, then all the world beside;
 No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye
 Nor any outward exc'lence urg'd me, why
 To loue Panthenia: 'Twas thy better part,
 Which mischiefe could not wrong, surpris'd my heart.
 Thy beauty was but like a Christall case,
 Through which, the Iewell of admired grace
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
 Me loue the Casket for the Iewels sake;
 No, no; my well aduised eye pierc'd in
 Beyond the filme; sunk deeper then the skin;
 Else, had I now bin chang'd, and that firme duty
 I owe my vov'es, had faded, with thy beauty;
 Nay, weepe not (my Parthenia;) let those teares
 Ne're waile that losse, which a few after yeares
 Had claim'd as due; Cheare vp; thou hast forsaken
 But that, which sicknesse would (perchance) haue taken,
 With greater disadvantage; or else age,
 That common euill, which Art cannot asswage;
 Beauty's but bare opinion: White and Red
 Haue no more priuiledge, but what is bred

By humane fancie; which was ne're confinde
 To certaine bounds, but varies like the winde;
 What one man likes, another disrespects;
 And what a third most hates; a fourth, affects;
 The Negro's eye thinkes blacke beyond compare,
 And what would fright vs most, they count most faire:
 If then opinion be the Tutch, whereby
 All beautie's tride; Parthenia, in my eye
 Out-shines faire Hellen; or who else she be,
 That is more rich in beauties wealth then she.
 Cheare up: The Soueraignty of thy worth, enfranches
 Thy captiue beauty; and thy vertue blanches
 These staines of fortune; Come; it matters not
 What others thinke: a letter's but a blot
 To such as cannot reade; but, who haue skill,
 Can know the faire impression of a Quill,
 From grosse and heedlesse blurres; and such can thinke
 No paper foule, that's fairely writ with Inke:
 What others hold a blemish in thy face,
 My skilfull eyes reade Characters of grace;
 What hinders then, but that without delay,
 Triumph may celebrate our nuptiall day?
 She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
 Though wanting beautie, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride? (said she) such Brides as I, can haue
 No fitter bridall Chamber, then a Graue;
 Death is my bridegroom; and to welcome Death,
 My loyall heart shall plight a second faith;
 And when that day shall come, that ioyfull day,
 Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
 The heat of all my sorrowes, and conioyne
 My palefac'd Bridegrooms lingring hand, with mine;
 These Ceremonies, and these Triumphs shall

Attend

Attend the day, to grace that Day withall.

Time with his empty Howreglasse shall lead
The Triumph on; His winged hooves shall tread
Slow paces; After him, there shall ensue
The chaste Diana, with her Virgin crew,
All crown'd with Cypresse girlands; After whom
In ranke, th' impartiall Destinies shall come;
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawne
With harnast Virgins vail'd with purest lawne,
The Bride shall sit; Despaire and Griefe shall stand
Like heartlesse bridemaids vpon eyther hand,
Vpon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd
The little winged god with arme vnbrac'd,
And bow vn bent; his drooping wings must hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his side
Must be vnarmed, and either hand must hold
A banner; where, with Characters of gold
Shall be decipher'd (fit for euery eye
To read, that runs) Faith, Loue, and Constancy.
Next after, Hope, in a discoloured weed,
Shall sadly march alone: A slender reed
Shall guide her feeble steps; and in her hand,
A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
And after all, the Bridegroom shall appeare
Like Ioues Lieutenant, and bring vp the Reare;
He shall be mounted on a Coale-blacke steed:
His hand shall hold a Dart; on which, shall bleed
A pierced heart; wherein, a former wound
Which Cupids Iauelin entred shall be found.
When as these Triumphes shall adorne our feast,
Let Argalus be my invited guest,
And let him bid me nuptiall Ioy: from whom
I once expected all my ioyes should come.

With

With that; as if his count'nace had thought good
 To weare *Death's* colours; or as if his blood
 Had beene imployed to condole the smart
 And torment of his poore afflicted heart,
 He thus bespake: *Vnhappiest of all men,*
Why doe I liue? Is Death my Riual then?
Vnequall chance! Had it bin flesh and blood,
I could haue grapled, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters: Had an armed host
Of mortall riuals ventur'd to haue crost
My best desiers; my Partheniaes eye
Had giuen me power to make that army fly
Like frighted Lambs, before the Wolfe; But thou
Before whose presence, all must stoope and bow
Their seruile necks, what weapon shall I hold
Against thy hand, that will not be controll'd?
Great enemy! whose kingdome's in the dust
And darke some Caues; I know that thou art iust;
Else had the gods ne're trusted to thy hand
So great a priuiledge, so large command
And iurisdiction o're the liues of men,
To kill, or saue euen whom thou please, and when;
O, suffer not Partheniaes tempting teares
To moue thy heart; Let thy hard hearted eares
Be deafe to all her suits: If she professe
Affection to thee, beleue nothing lesse;
She's my betrothed spouse and Hymens bands
Haue firmly ioyn'd our hearts, though not our hands,
Where plighted faith, and sacro-sanctius vowe
Hath giuen possession, dispossesse not thou.
Be iust; and though her briny lips bewaile
Her grieve with teares, let not those teares preuaile.
Whom heauens haue ioyn'd, thy hands may not disioyne,

Am Partheniaes; and Partheniaes mine.
 Alas! we are but one; Then thou must either
 Refuse vs both; or, else, take both together.

My deare Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
 Of dull despaire molest thee, or vnfashion
 Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
 Either forgetfull, or thy selfe unkind.

Starue not my pining hopes, with longer stay;
 My loue hath wings, and brookes no long delay.
 It hovers vp and downe, and cannot rest
 Vntill it light and perch vpon thy brest.

Torment not him, within these lingring fires,
 That's rackt already on his owne desires.

Seale and deliuer as thy deed, that band,
 Whereto thy promist faith hath set her hand;
 And what our plighted hearts, and mutuall vow
 Haue so long since begun, O finish now;
 That our imperfect and halfe pleasures may
 Receiue perfection, by a mariage day.

Whereto, she thus; Had the pleas'd God aboue,
 Forgiuen my faults, and made me fit for Ioue
 To blesse at large; Had all the powers of heauen
 (To boast the vtmost of their bounty) giuen
 As great addition to my slender fortune
 As they could giue, or couetous mind importune
 I vow to heauen and all those heauenly powers,
 They should no sooner beene made mine, by yours.
 Nay, had my fortunes staid but at the rate
 They were; had I remained in that state
 I was (although, at best, unworthy farre
 Of such a peerlesse blessing as you are)
 My deare acceptance should haue fill'd my heart
 As full of ioyes, as now it is of smart;

K

But,

But, as I am, let angry Ioue then vent
 On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent.
 And when I roare, let heauen my paines deride,
 When I match Argalus to such a Bride.
 ¶ Live happy, Argalus, let thy soule receiue
 What blessings poore Parthenia cannot haue;
 Live happy: May thy ioyes be neuer done,
 But let one blessing draw another on:
 O may thy better Angell match and ward
 Thy soule, and pitch an euerlasting guard
 About the portals of thy tender heart,
 And shewre downe blessings wheresoere thou art;
 Let all thy ioyes be as the month of May,
 And all thy dayes be as a marriage day.
 Let sorrow, sicknesse, and a troubled minde
 Be strangers to thee; Let them neuer finde
 Thy heart at home, Let Fortune still allot
 Such lawlesse guests to those that loue thee not:
 And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
 To such as merit none, alight on thee.
 That mutuall faith, betwixt vs, that of late
 Hath past, I giue thee freedom to translate
 Vpon the merits of some fitter spouse:
 I giue thee leaue, and freely quit thy voves.
 I call the gods to witnesse, nothing shall
 More blesse my soule; no comfort can befall
 More truly welcome to me, then to see
 My Argalus, (what ere become of me)
 So linckt in wedlock, as shall most augment
 His greater honour, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tyde
 Of teares orewhelm'd her language, and denyde
 A passage; but when passions flood was spent;

She thus proceeds: You gods, if you are bent
 To act my Tragedy, why doe you wrong
 Our patience so, to make the play so long?
 Your Sceanes are tedious; Gainst the rules of Art,
 You dwell too long; too long, upon one part.
 Be briefe, and take aduantage of your odds,
 One simple maide, against so many gods?
 And not be conquer'd yet? Conioyne your might,
 And send her soule into eternall night,
 That liues too long a day; Ile not resist;
 Provided you strike home; strike where ye list.
 Accursed be that Day, wherein these eyes
 First saw the light; Let desp'rat soules deuise
 A curse sufficient for it; Let the Sun
 Ne're shine vpon it; and what ere's begun
 Vpon that fatall day, let heauen forbid it
 Successe; if not, to ensnare the hand, that did it.
 Why was I borne? Or, being borne, O why
 Did not my fondcr nurses Lullaby
 (Euen whilst my lips were hanging on her brest)
 Sing her poore Babe to euerlasting rest?
 O then my infant soule had neuer knowne
 This world of grieffe, beneath whose weight I groane:
 No, no, it had not: He that dyes in's prime,
 Speeds a long businesse, in a litle time.
 But Argalus (whose more extreame desire,
 Vnapt to yeeld, like water-sprinkled fire,
 Did blaze the more (impatient of denyall,
 Gaue thus an onset to a further tryall;
 Life of my Soule; By whom, next heauen, I breath,
 Excepting whom, I haue no friend but Death,
 How can thy wishes ease my grieffe, or stand
 My miserie in stead, when as thy hand,

*And nothing but thy helping hand can giue me
Reliefe, and yet refuses to relieue me?*

*Strange kinde of Charity! when, being afflicted,
I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
Of those best wishes, and must be remou'd
From loues enioyment; why? Because belou'd.*

Alas! alas! How can thy wishes be

A blessing to me, if vnblest in thee?

*Thy beauty's gone, (thou saiest;) why, let it goe;
He loues but ill, that loues but for a show;*

Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,

That neuer yet was slaue to a complexion.

Shall euery day, wherein the earth does lacke

The Suns reflex, b' expell'd the Almanacke?

Or shall thy ouer-curious steps forbear

A garden, 'cause there be no Roses there?

Or shall the sunset of Parthenia's beauty

Enforce my iudgement to neglect that duty,

The which my best aduis'd affection owes

Her sacred vertue, and my solemne vovves?

No, no; it lyes not in the power of Fate,

To make Parthenia too unfortunate,

For Argalus to loue.

It is as easie for Parthenia's heart

To proue lesse vertuous, as for me to start

From my firme faith: The flame that honours breath

Hath blowne, nothing hath power to quench, but death,

Thou giu'st me leaue to chuse a fitter spouse,

And freedome to recall, to quit those vovves

I tooke: Who gaue thee license to dispense

With such false tongues, as offer violence

To plighted faith? Alas, thou canst not free

Thy selfe, much lesse hast power to license me:

Vowes can admit no change; They still perseuer
 Against all chance; they binde, they binde for ever:
 A vow's a holy thing; no common breath;
 The limits of a vow, is heaven and death;
 A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flowne
 From out thy hand; can be recall'd by none;
 It dies not, like a time beguiling Iest,
 As soone as vented; lives not in the brest,
 When uttered once; but is a sacred word,
 Straight enterd in the strict and close record
 Of heaven; It is not like a Iuglers knot,
 Or fast, or loose, as pleases vs, or not.
 Since then thy vowes can finde no dispensation,
 And may not be recall'd, recall thy passion;
 Performe, performe what now it is too late
 T' unwish againe; too soone to violate;
 Seeke not to quit, what heaven denies to free;
 Performe thy vowes to heaven; thy vowes to me.

Thrice dearer then my soule, (she thus replide)
 Had my owne pamper'd fancy beene the guide
 To my affection, I had condescended
 Ere this to your request, which had befriended
 My best desiers too; I lou'd not thee
 For my owne pleasure in that base degree,
 As gluttons doe their diet, who dispence
 With unwash'd hands, (lest they should giue offence
 To their grip'd stomackes, when a minutes stay
 Will make them curse occasion all the day.)
 I lou'd not so; My first desires did spring
 From thy owne worth; and as a sacred thing,
 I alwayes view'd thee, whom my Zeale commands
 Me not prophane with these defiled hands:
 'Tis true; Performance is a debt we owe

*To Vowes, and nothing's dearer then a Vow;
 Yet when the gods doe raniſh from our hand
 The meanes to keepe it, 'tis a countermand.
 He that bath vow'd to ſacrifice each day
 At Iuno's Altar's bound, and muſt obey.
 But if (being under vow) the gods doe pleaſe
 To ſtrike him with a leperous diſeaſe,
 Or foule infection; which is better now,
 Prophane the Altar, or to breake the vow?
 The caſe is mine; where then the gods diſpenſe,
 We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
 Admit it were an euill; 'tis our beſt
 Of neceſſary illſ, to chooſe the leaſt.
 ¶ The gods are good: The ſtrict recogniſance
 Of vowes, is onely taken to aduance
 The good of man; Now if that good proue ill,
 We may reſuſe, our vowes intire ſtill.
 I vow a marriage; why? becauſe I doe
 Entirely affect that man, my vowes are to;
 But if ſome foule diſeaſe ſhould interpoſe
 Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vowes;
 The ſtrict performance of thoſe vowes muſt proue
 I wrong; and therefore loue not, whom I loue.
 Then vrge no more: Let my denyall be
 A pledg ſufficient twixt my loue and thee.
 So ended ſhe: But vehement deſire,
 (That can be quencht with No; no more, then fire,
 With oyle; and can ſubmit to no condition)
 Lends him new breath: Loue makes a Rhetoritian;
 He ſpeakes: ſhe answers: He, a freſh, replies;
 He ſtoutly ſues; As ſtoutly ſhe denyes.
 He begs in vaine; and ſhe denies in vaine;
 For ſhe denies againe; He begs againe;*

At last, both weary, he his suite adiournes.
For louers dayes are good, and bad by turnes.
He bids farewell : As if the heart of either
Gaue but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewell; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewell ended, if he goe;
He bids farewell; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.
She bids farewell; but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewell, should not be the last.
Both sigh'd, both wept, and both, being heauy harted,
She bids farewell; He bids farewell; and parted.
So parted they : Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* weeping all alone;
And like the widowed Turtle, she bewailes
The absence of her mate : Passion preuailes
Aboue her strength : Now her poore heart can tell,
What's heauen, by wanting heauen; and what is hell
By her owne torments : Sorrow now does play
The Tyrants part; Affection must obey;
And, like a weathercocke, her various minde
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of winde.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state;
She faine would wish; but then, she knowes not what;
Resolues of this, of that; and then of neither;
She faine would flee, but then she knows not whither;
At length (consulting with the heartlesse paire
Of ill aduisers, Sorrow, and Despaire)
Resolues to take th'aduantage of that night,
To steale away; and seeke for death, by flight;
A Pilgrims weed her liuelesse limmes addrest
From head to foot : A thong of leather blest
Her wasted loynes; Her feeble feet were shod

With

With Sandalls; In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
 When as th'illustrious Soueraigne of the Day
 Had now begun his Circuit, to suruay
 His lower kingdome, hauing newly lent
 The vpper world to *Cynthias* gouernment,
 ¶ Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
 The progresse now, which onely Death can end.

Goe haplesse virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
 And thine owne vertues; and what else beside,
 That may be prosperous: may thy merits find
 More happinesse, then thy distressed mind
 Can hope; Liue, and to after-ages proue
 The great example of true *Faith* and *Loue*:
 Gone, gone she is; but whither she is gone,
 The gods, and fortune can resolute alone;
 Pardon my Quill, that is enforc'd to stray
 From a poore Lady, in an vnknowne way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
 Those obvious dangers, that so oft befell
 Our poore *Parthenia*, in her pilgrimage,
 Or bring her miseries on the open stage;
 Her broken slumbers; her distracted care;
 Her houely feares, and frights; her hungry fare;
 Her daily perils; and her nightly scapes
 From rauinous beasts, and from attempted rapes,
 Is not my taske; who care not to incite
 My Readers passion to an appetite.

We leaue *Parthenia* now; and our discourse
 Must cast an eye, and bend a setled course
 To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
 To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
 Perceiued she was fled, not knowing whither;
 He makes no stay; Consults not with the weather;

Stayes

Stayes not to thinke, but claps his hasty knees
 To his fleet Courser; and away he flees;
 His haste enquires no way; (he needs not feare
 To lose the roade, that goes he knowes not where;) P
 One while he pricks vpon the fruitfull plaines;
 And now, he gently slackes his prouder reines,
 And climes the barren hills : with fresh Careers
 He tryes the right hand way; and then he veres
 His course vpon the left : One while he likes
 This path; when, by and by, his fancy strikes
 Vpon another tract. Sometimes, he roues
 Among the Springs, and solitary Groues,
 Where, on the tender barkes of sundry trees,
 H'engraues *Parthenia's* name, with his : then flees
 To the wild Champian : his proud Steed remoues
 The hopefull fallowes, with his horned hooues;
 He baulkes no way; rides ouer rocke, and mountaine;
 When led by fortune to *Diana's* Fountaine,
 He straight dismounts his steed; begins to quench
 His thirsty lippes; and after that, to drench
 His fainting limmes, in that sweet streame, wherein
Parthenia's dainty fingers oft had bin.

The *Fountaine* was vpon a steepe descent,
 Whose gliding current nature gaue a vent
 Through a firme rock; which Art (to make it knowne
 To after ages) wall'd, and roof'd with stone;
 Aboue the Christall fountaines head, was plac'd
Diana's Image (though of late defac'd)
 Beneath, a rocky *Cysterne* did retaine
 The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*;
 Whose curious *Current*, the worlds greater eye
 Ne're viewed, but in his mid-day Majestie :
 It was that *Fountaine*; where, in elder times

Poore *Corydon* compos'd his rurall rimes,
 And left them closely hid, for his vnkinde
 And marble hearted *Phyllida* to finde.
 All rites perform'd; he re-amounts his Steed,
 Redeemes his losse of time with a new speed:
 And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
 His progresse God knowes whither; He pursues
 His vow'd aduenture, brooking no delay,
 And (with a minde as doubtfull as the way)
 He iournies on; he left no course, vnthought;
 No traueller, vnask'd; no place vnought.

To make a Iournall of each Circumstance;
 His change of fortunes, or each obuious chance.
 Befell his tedious trauell: to relate
 The braue attempt of this exploit, or that;
 His rare atchieuements, and their faire successe;
 His noble courage, in extreame distresse;
 His desp'rate dangers; his deliuerance:
 His high esteeme with men, which did enhance
 His meanest actions to the throne of *Ioue*:
 And what he sufferd, for *Partheniaes* loue,
 Would make our volume endlesse, apt to try
 The vtmost patience of a studious eye;
 All which, the bounty of a free conceit
 May sooner reach too, then my pen relate.
 But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrise
 Repayr'd her empty hornes, and fill'd the eyes
 Of gazing mortalls, with her globe of light;
 This restlessse louer ceas'd not, day and night,
 To wander, in a sollitarie Quest
 For her, whose loue had taught him to digest
 The dregges of sorrow, and to count all ioyes
 But follyes (weigh'd with her) at least, but toyes.

It happened now that twile fixe months had run,
 Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
 His toylesome progresse; who, in vaine, had spent
 A yeare of houres, and yet no euent,
 When fortune brought him to a goodly *Seat*
 (Wall'd round about with Hills) yet not so great
 As pleasant; and lesse curious to the sight,
 Then strong; yet yeelding euen as much delight,
 As strength; whose onely outside did declare
 The masters Iudgement, and the builders care.
 Arround the *Castle*, nature had laid out
 The bounty of her treasure; round about,
 Well fenced meadowes (fill'd with summers pride)
 Promis'd prouision for the winter tide, stor'd
 Neere which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt and
 With milkewhite flocks) did seuerally afford
 Their fruitfull blessings, and deseru'd encrease
 To painfull husbandry, the childe of peace;
 It was *Kalanders* seat, who was the brother
 Of lost *Parthenia's* late deceased mother.
 He was a *Gentleman*, whom vaine ambition
 Nere taught to vnderalue the condition
 Of priuate *Gentry*; who preferr'd the loue
 Of his respected neighbours, farre aboue
 The apish congies of th'vnconstant *Court*;
 Ambitious of a good, not great report.
 Beloued of his Prince, yet not depending
 Vpon his fauours so, as to be tending
 Vpon his person: and, in brieft, too strong
 Within himselfe, for fortunes hand to wrong:
 Thither came wandring *Argalus*; and receiv'd
 As great content, as one that was bereau'd
 Of all his ioyes, could take, or who would strine

T'expresse a welcome to the life, could giue:
 His richly furnisht table more exprest
 A common bounty, then a curious feast;
 ¶ Whereat, the choice of precious wines were profer'd
 In liberall sort; not vrg'd, but freely offer'd;
 The carefull seruants did attend the roome,
 No need to bid them either goe or come:
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy
 His masters pleasure, in his masters eye.
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste
 That is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast
 Please a sicke pallate? no, there's no content
 Can enter *Argalus*, whose soule is bent
 To tyre on his owne thoughts: *Kalanders* loue,
 (That other times would rauish) cannot moue
 That fixed heart, which passion now incites
 T'abiure all pleasures, and forswear delights.

It fortun'd; on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble guests, intending
 T'exchange their pleasures in the open ayre,
 A messenger came in; and did repaire
 Vnto *Kalander*; told him, That the end
 Of his employment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (neare allyde
 To faire Queene *Hellen*) whose vnskilfull guide
 Had so misled, that she does make request,
 This night, to be his bold, and vnknowne guest;
 And by his helpe, to be inform'd the way
 To finde to-morrow, what she lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
 Was to expresse the bountious disposition
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
 To entertaine) return'd the salutation.

Of an vnknowne seruant; and with all profest
 A promis'd welcome to so faire a guest.
 Forthwith *Kalander*, and his noble friends
 (All but poore *Argalus*, who recommends
 His thoughts to priuate vses, and confines
 His secret fancy to his owne designs)
 Mounted their praunsing Steeds, to giue a meeting
 To his faire guest; they met, but at first meeting
Kalander stood amaz'd; (for he suppos'd
 It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd;

Madam (said he) *If these mine aged eyes
 Retaine that wonted strength, which age denies
 To many of my yeares, I should be bold*

*(In viewing you) to say, I doe behold
 My neece Parthenia's face : Nor can I be
 Perswaded (by your leaue) but you are she ?*

Thrice noble Sir (she thus replide) *your tongue
 (Perchance) hath done the faire Parthenia wrong,
 In your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
 That (in my iudgement) was more fit to be
 Her foyle, then picture; yet hath many an eye
 Giuen the like sentence, she not being by;
 Nay, more; I haue bin told; that my owne mother
 Fail'd often to distinguish t'one from t'other.*

Said then *Kalander* : *If my rash conceit
 Hath made a fault, mine error shall await
 Vpon your gracious pardon; I alone
 Was not decein'd; for neuer any one
 That view'd Parthenia's visage, but would make
 As great an error, by as great mistake.
 But (Madam) for her sake, and for your owne,
 (Whose worth may challenge to it selfe alone,
 More seruice then *Kalander* can expresse)*

♀ *T'are truly welcome. Enter, and possesse*
 (*This Castle as your owne; which can be blest*
 (*In nothing more, then in so faire a guest.*
 > *Whereto, the Lady (entring) thus replide*
 > *Let euerlasting ioyes be multiplide*
 > *Within these gentle gates; and let them stand*
 > *As lasting monuments in th' Arcadian land,*
 > *Of rare and bounteous hospitalitie*
 > *To after-times. Let strangers passing by*
 > *Blesse their succeeding heires as shall descend*
 > *From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

When as a little respite had repair'd
 Her weary limmes, which trauell had impair'd,
 The freeness of occasion did present
 New subiects to discourse; wherein they spent
 No little time; among the rest, befell
Kalander (often stopt with teares) to tell
 Of *Argalus* and lost *Parthenia's* loue,
 Whose vndissembled passion did moue
 A generall griefe; the more that they attended
 To his sad tale, the more they wish'd it ended.

(*Madam* (said he) *although your visage be*
 (*Like hers. yet may your fortunes disagree;*
 (*Poore girle!* and as he spake that word, his eyes
 (Let fall a teare. The Lady thus replies;

> *My soule doth suffer for Parthenia's sake;*
 > *But tell me, Sir, did Argalus forsake*
 > *His poore Parthenia whom he lou'd so deare?*
 > *How hath he spent his daies e're since? and where?*

(*Maddam* (said he) *when as their marriage day*
 (*Drew neare; mischief, that now was bent to play*
 (*Vpon the Stage, her studied master-prize,*
 (*With ougly leprosie did so disguise*

Her beauteous face, that she became a terrour
 To her owne selfe : But Argalus the mirrour
 Of truest constancy, (whose loyall heart,
 Not guided by his eye, disdain'd to start
 From his past vowes) did, in despite of fortune,
 Pursue his fixt desires, and importune
 Th' intended mariage ne' erthelesse : but she,
 Whom reason now had taught to disagree
 With her distracted thoughts, stands deafe and mute,
 And at the last, to anoyd his further suit,
 Not making any priue to her flight,
 She quits the house, and steales away by night;
 But Madam, when as Argalus perceiu'd
 That she was fled; and being quite bereau'd
 Of his last hope, poore louer, he assayes
 By toyle some pilgrimage to end his dayes,
 Or finde her out : Now twice sixe months haue run
 Their tedious courses, since he first begun
 His fruitlesse iourney, ranging farre and neare,
 Suffering as many sorrowes as a yeare
 Could send; and made by the extreames of weather
 Vnapt for trauell, fortune brought him thither;
 Where he as yet remaines, till time shall make
 His wasted bodie fit to vndertake
 His discontented progresse, and renew
 His great enquest for her, who at first view,
 Madam, you seem'd to be.

So said; The Lady from whose tender eyes
 Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
 With both their sorrowes, said; And is there then
 Such unexpected constancy in men?
 Most noble Sir;
 If the too rash desires of a stranger

May

& May be dispens'd withall without the danger
 Of too great boldnesse, I should make request
 To see this noble Lord, in whose rare brest
 (By your report) more honour doth reside,
 Then in all Greece; nay, all the world beside;
 I haue a message to him, and am loath
 To doe it, were I not engag'd by oath.
 Whereat Kalandr, not in breath, but action,
 Applies himseife to giue a satisfacton
 To her propounded with: protraction wafts
 No time; but vp to Argalus he hasts:
 Argalus comes downe; and after salutation
 Giuen, and receiu'd, she accosts him on this fashon
 My noble Lord,
 Whereas the loud resounding trump of fame
 Hath nois'd your worth, and glorified your name
 Aboue all others, let your goodnesse now
 Make good that faire report; that I may know
 By true experience, what my ioyfull eare
 Had but, as yet, the happinesse to heare.
 And if the frailty of a womans wit
 My chance t' offend; be noble, and remit.
 Then know (most noble Lord) my natieue place,
 Is Corinth; of the selfe same blood and race,
 With faire Queene Hellen, in whose princely Court
 I had my birth, my breeding: To be short,
 Thither not many daies agoe, there came,
 Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name,
 The rare Parthenia, so in shape transform'd,
 In feature altred, and in face deform'd.
 That (in my iudgement) all this region could
 Not show a thing, more ugly to behold.
 Long was it, ere her oft repeated vowe

And ~~solemn~~ protestations could rouse
My ouer dull beliefe; till, at the last,
Some passages, that heretofore had past
In secret, twixt Parthenia and me,
Gave full assurance't could be none but she:
Abundant welcome, (as a soule so sad
As mine, and hers, could giue or take) she had
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
That whosoever saw the one, saw both:
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much as in our loues, in our affections:
One sorrow seru'd vs both; and one reliefe
Could ease vs both, both partners in one griefe:
Much priuate time we ioyntly spent; and neither
Could finde a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discourst, which strongly did importune
A world of teares from these suffused eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.
And as she spake, the accent of her story
Would awaies point vpon th'eternall glory
Of your rare constancy, which whosoere
In after-ages shall presume to heare
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebell to all vertue, and (defam'd
In his best actions) let his leprous name
Or die dishonour'd, or suruiue with shame.
But ah! what simples can the hand of art
Finde out to stanch a louers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
To turne the course of loues Phlebotomie?
Loue is a secret fire, inspir'd and blowne
By fate; which wanting hopes to feed vpon,

Workes on the very soule, and does torment
 The vniverse of man : which being spent
 And wasted in the Conflict, often shrinkes
 Beneath the burthen; and, so conquerd sinkes;
 All which, your poore Parthenia knew too well,
 Whose bed-rid hopes, not hauing power to quell.
 Th'imperious fury of extreame despaire,
 She languisht, and not able to contraire
 The will of her victorious passion; cryed,
 My dearest Argalus, farewell, and dyed :
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath
 Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
 She cald me to her; In her dying hand
 She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
 A showre of teares, vnwept; and in mine eare
 She whisperd so, as all the roome might heare.

Sister (said she) (That title past betweene vs
 Not vnderu'd; for, all that ere had seenc vs,
 Mistooke vs so, at least) The latest sand
 Of my spent hower-glasse is now at hand.
 Those ioyes, which heauen appointed out for me,
 I here bequeath to be possesst by thee.
 And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
 And draine them from the dregs of all my faults,
 Enioy them thou, wherewith (being so refine
 From all their drosse) full fraught thy constant mind
 And let thy prosprous voyage be addrest
 To the faire port of Argalus is brest,
 As whom the eye of noone did ne'er discouer
 So loyall, so renownd, so rare a louer :
 Cast anchor there, for by this dying breath
 Nothing can please my soule more, after death,
 And make my ioyes more perfect, then to see

A marriage twixt my Argalus and thee;
This Ring the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gaue me, I make thine :
With it, vnto thy faithfull heart I tender
My sacred vov'es: with it, I here surrender
All right and title, that I had, or haue
In such a blessing, as I now must leaue;
Goe to him, and coniure him in my name
What loue he bare to me, the very same
That he transferre on thee: take no deniall.
Which granted, lue thou happy, constant, loyall.
And as she spake that word, her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter;
Faine would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to goe further) faild, and clung
To her dry rooſe. A while, as in a trance,
She lay; and, on a sudden, did aduance
Her forced language to the heght, and cryed,
Farewell my dearest Argalus: and died.

And now, my Lord, although this office be .
Vnsutable to my sexe, and disagree
Too much perchance, with the too meane condition
Of my estate, more like too finde dirision,
Then satisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits doe afford
Extr'ordinary meanes, and can excuse
The breach of custome, or the common use;
Wherefore, incited by the deare directions
Of dead Parthenia, by mine owne affections,
And by the exc'lence of your high desert,
I here present you with a faithfull heart,
A heart, to you deuoted; which assures
It selfe no happinesse, but in being yours.

♀ Pardon my boldnesse, They that shall reprove
 This, as a fault, reprove a fault in loue.
 And why should custome doe our sex that wrong;
 To take away the priuiledge of our tongue?
 If nature giue vs freedome, to affect,
 Why then should custome barre vs to detect
 The gifts of nature? She that is in paine
 Hath a sufficient warrant to complaine.
 Then giue me leaue (my Lord) to reinforce
 A virgins suit, (thinking ne're the worse
 Of proferd loue) let my desires thrine,
 And freely accept, what I so freely giue.

So ending; silence did enlarge her eare,
 (Prepar'd with quicke attention) to heare
 His gracious words: But *Argalus* whose passion
 Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
 Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
 Had giuen an earnest of such obsequies,
 As his adiourned sorrow had entended
 To doe at full, and therefore recommended
 To priuacy; True griefe abhorres the light,
 Whose grieues without a witnesse, grieues aright.
 His passion thus suspended for a while,
 (And yet not so, but that it did recoyle
 Strong sighes) he wip'd his teare-bedewed eyes,
 And turning to the Lady, thus replies.

Madam,
 Your no lesse rare, then noble fauours show
 How much you merit, and how much I owe
 Your great desert, which claimes more thankfulnessse,
 Then such a dearth of language can expresse.
 But most of all, I stand for euer bound
 To that your goodnesse, my *Parthenia* found

In her distresse, for which respect (in duty
 As I am tyed) poore Argalus shall repute ye
 The flowre of noble courtesie, and proclaime
 Your high deservings. Lady; as I am,
 A poore unhappy wretch, the very scorne
 Of all prosperitie, distrest, forlorne,
 Vnworthy the least fauour you can giue;
 I am your slaue, your Beadsman will I line:
 But for this weighty matter you propound,
 Although I see how much it would redound
 To my great happinesse, yet heauen knowes
 (Most exc'ellent Lady) I cannot dispose
 Of mine owne thoughts; nor haue I power to doe
 What, else, you needed not perswade me to;
 For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine owne,
 To carue according to my pleasure, none
 But you should challenge it; but while I liue
 It is Parthenia's, and not mine to giue.

Whereto she thus replies: Most Noble Sir,
 Death, that hath made dinorse 'twixt you, and her,
 Hath now returned you your heart againe,
 Dissolu'd your vows, dislink'd that sacred chaine,
 Which tyde your soules; nay more, her dying breath
 Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
 Is growne a debt, that you are bound to pay;
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
 The longer time her soule is dispossess'd
 (And by your meanes) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poore distressed Argalus
 Pausing a while return'd his answer thus;

Incomparable Lady,
 When first of all, by heauens diuine directions,
 We lou'd, we lik'd, we linkt our deare affections,

And with the solemne power of an oath,
 & In presence of the better gods, we both
 Exchang'd our hearts: in witnesse of which thing,
 I gaue, and she receiued this deare Ring,
 Which now you weare; by which she did resigne
 Her heart to me; for which, I gaue her mine.
 Now, Madam, by a mutuall commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not my owne, but hers;
 Which if it had the power to suruiue,
 She being dead, what heart haue I to giue?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she (poore Lady!) to bequeath?
 Madam, in her began my deare affection;
 In her, it liu'd: in her, it had perfection;
 In her, it ioy'd, although but ill befriended
 By Fate; in her begun, in her, it ended.
 If I had lou'd, if I had onely lou'd
 Parthenia's beantie, I had soone beene mou'd
 To moderate my sorrowes, and to place
 That lone on you, that haue Parthenia's face;
 But 'twas Parthenia's selfe I lou'd, and lone;
 Which as no time hath power to remoue
 From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
 No fortune can dissolue; no death can finish.

With mingled frownes and smiles, she thus replide,
 Halfe in a rage, And must I be denied?
 Are those the noble fauours I expected?

To finde disgrace? and goe away reiected?

Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)

Sute not your expectation, let them be

Imputed to the miserie of my state,

Which makes my lips to speake they know not what;

Mistake not him, that onely studies how,

With

With most aduantage still to honour you.

Alas ! what ioyes I euer did receiue

From fortune's buried in Parthenia's graue,

With whom, ere long (nor are my hopes in vaine)

I hope to meete and neuer part againe.

So said; with more then Eaglewinged hast,

She flew into his bosome, and embrac'd

In her clos'd armes, his sorrow-wasted wast;

Surcharg'd with ioy, she wept not hauing power

To speake. Haue you beheld an *Aprill* shower

Send downe her hasty bubbles, and then stops,

Then stormes afresh, through whose transparent drops

The vnobscured Lampe of heauen conuaies

The brighter glorie of's refulgent rayes:

Euen so, within her blushing cheekes resided

A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and teares diuided;

So euen diuided; no man could say, whether

She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together,

She held him fast, and like a fainting loue,

Whose passion now had license to discouer

Some words; *Since then thy heart is not for me,*

Take, take thy owne Parthenia (said she)

Cheare vp, my Argalus; these words of mine

Are thy Parthenia's, as Parthenia's thine;

Beleeue it (Loue) these are no false alarmes;

Thou hast thine owne Parthenia in thine armes.

Like as a man, whose houely wants implore

Each meales reliefe, trudging from doore to doore,

That heares no dialect from churlish lippes,

But newes of Beadles, and their torturing whips,

Takes vp (perchance) some vnexpected treasure,

New lost; departs; and, ioyfull beyond measure,

Is so transported, that he scarce beleeues

So

So great a truth; and what his eye perceiues
 Not daring trust, but feares it is some vision,
 Or flattering dreame, deseruing but derision.
 So *Argalus* amazed at the newes,
 Faine would belecue, but daring not abuse
 His easie faith too soone; for feare his heart
 Should forfeit on conceit, he did impart
 The truth vnto his fancie by degrees;
 Where stopp'd by passion, falling on his knees,
 He thus began; *O you eternall powers*
That haue the guidance of these soules of ours,
Who by your iust prerogative can doe
What is a sin for man to diue into;
Whose vndiscover'd actions are too high
For thought; too deepe for man t'enquier, why?
Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
Of such a ioy, as I must neuer know
But in a dreame : Or if a dreame it be,
O let me neuer wake againe, to see
My selfe decei'd, that am ordain'd t' enioy,
A reall grieve; and but a dreaming ioy.
 Much more he spake to this effect, which ended;
 He blest himselfe, and (with a sigh) vnбended
 His aking knees; and rising from the ground,
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found
 The roome auoyded, and himselfe alone;
 The doore halfe clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
 His new distemper'd passion grew extreame;
I knew, I knew, (saide he) 'twas but a dreame;
A minutes ioy; a flash; a flattering bubble
Blowne by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble;
Which waking breakes; and empties into ayre,
And breathes into my soule a fresh despaire.

I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dreame.

Which (waking) makes my wants the more extreame;

I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming ioy,

A blisse, which (waking) I should ne're enioy.

My deare Parthenia tell me, where, O where

Art thou, that so delud'st mine eye, mine care?

O that my wak'ned fancy had the might

To represent vnto my reall sight

What my deceiued eyes beheld, that I

Might surfet with excesse of ioy, and die.

With that the faire Parthenia (whose desire

Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;

And by a well aduised course to smother

The fury of one passion with another)

Stept in, and said; When Argalus take thou

Thy true Parthenia: Thou dream'st not now;

Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart

The constancy of our diuided heart:

Behold these eyes, that for thy sake haue vented

A world of teares, unpittied, unlamented:

Behold the face, that had of late the power

To curse all beauty; yet it selfe, secure:

Witnesse that Tapour, whose prophetick snuffe

Was outed and reuied with one puffe:

And that my words may whet thy dull beliefe,

'Twas I, that roard beneath the scourge of grieffe,

When thou did'st curse the Darkenesse, for concealing

My face; and then the Tapour for revealing

So foule a face; 'Twas I, that, ouercome

With violent despaire, stood deafe and dumbe

To all thy urg'd perswasions. It was I,

That, in thy absence, did resolute to die

A wandring pilgrime, trusting to be led

By fortune, to my death; and therefore fled :
 ¶ But see; the powers above can worke their ends,
 c In sight of mortals : and what man intends,
 The heauens dispose, and order the crient :
 For when my thoughts were desperately bent
 To mine owne ruine, I was led by fate
 (Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
 To faire Queene Hellens Court, not knowing whither
 My vnaduised steps were guided. Thither
 My Genius brought me; where, unknowne to any,
 I mourn'd in silence; though obseru'd by many,
 Relieu'd by none. At length they did acquaint
 The faire Queene Hellen with my strange complaint,
 Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
 With mine, partaking in my miseries :
 Who fill'd with pittie, strongly did importune
 The woefull cause of my disastrous fortune,
 And neuer rested till she did inforce
 These lips t' acquaint her with the whole discourse.
 c Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
 Her owne Physitian, to whose skilfull hand
 She left my foule disease; who in the space
 Of twice ten dayes, restor'd me to this face :
 The cure perfected, straight she sent about
 c (Without my knowledge) to inquier out
 c That party, for whose sake I was contented
 c T' endure such griefe with patience, vnrepented.
 c Hoping (since by her meanes, and helpe of Art
 c My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
 c But when the welcome messenger return'd
 c Thy place of boad, o how my spirits burn'd
 c To kisse her hands, and so to leaue the Court;
 But she whose fauours did transcend report

As much, as they exceeded my desert)
 Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
 With her poore handmaid; till at last, perpending
 A louters haste, and freely apprehending
 So iust a cause of speed, she soone befriended
 My best desiers, and sent me thus attended,
 Where (under a false maske) I laid this plot,
 To see how soone my Argalus had forgot
 His dead Parthenia, but my blessed eare
 Hath heard, what few or none must hope to heare:
 Now farewell sorrow, and let old despaire
 Goe seeke new brests: let mischiefe neuer dare
 Attempt our hearts: let Argalus enjoy
 His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's ioy
 Reuiue in him: let each be blest in either,
 And blest be heauen, that brought vs both together.

With that, the well-nigh broken hearted louer,
 Rauisht with ouer ioy, did thus discover
 His long pent words: And doe these eyes once more
 Behold what their extreame despaire gaue or'e
 To hope for? Doe these wretched eyes attaine
 The happinesse, to see this face againe?
 And is there so much happinesse yet left
 For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
 Of power t' enjoy, what heauen had power to giue?
 Breathes my Parthenia? Does Parthenia liue?

Who euer saw the Septentrionall stone,
 By hidden power, (a power as yet vnknowne
 To our confinde and darkned reason) draw
 The neighb'ring Steele, which by the mutuall law
 Of natures secret working, striues as much
 To be attracted, till they ioyne and touch;
 Euen so these greedy Louers meet, and charmes

Each other strongly in each others armes;
 & Euen so they meet; and with vnbounded measure
 Of true content, and time beguiling pleasure,
 Enioy each other with a world of kisses,
 Sealing the patent of true worldly blisses;
 Where for a while I leaue them to receiue,
 What pleasures new met louers vse to haue.

Readers forbear; and let no wanton eye
 Abuse our Sceane : Let not the stander by
 Corrupt our lines, or make an obseane glosse
 Vpon our sober Text, and mixe his drosse
 With our refined gold, extracting sower
 From sweet, and poyson from so faire a flower.
 Correct your wandring thoughts; and doe not feare
 To thinke the best : Here is no *Tarquine* here;
 No lustfull, no insatiate *Messaline*,
 Who thought it gaine sufficient to resigne
 An age of honour, for a night of pleasure;
 Whose strength t'endure lust, was the iust measure
 Of her adust desire : Yee need not feare
 Our priuate Louers, who esteeme lesse deare
 Their liues then honours, daring nor to doe,
 But what vnsham'd the Sun may pry into :

If any itching eares desire to know,
 What secret conf'rence past betwixt these two;
 To them my Muse thus answers; *When your case*
Shall proue the like, she wils you to embrace
True honour, as these noble louers did,
And you shall know; Till then you are forbid
To enquire further : Onely this she pleases
 To let you vnderstand, that loues diseases
 Being thoroughly cured, by their meeting, they
 Haue once againe prefixt a *Mariage day*;

Which

Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,
 Readers, she moues your pleasures, to importune
 The better gods, *that they would please t' appay*
Their griefes with ioy, and smile vpon that Day.



ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The third Booke.

VHen sturdy *Marches* stormes are ouerblowne
 And *Aprills* gentle show'rs are slidden downe
 To close the wind-chapt earth, succeeding *May*
 Enters her month, whose earely breaking day
 Calls Ladies from their hasty beds to view
 Sweet *Maies* pride, and the discolour'd hiew
 Of dewy-brested *Flora*, in her bower
 Where euery hand hath leaue to picke the flower
 Her fancy likes, wherewith to be possesse,
 Vntill it fade, and wither in her brest.

Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
 Visits the bankes of his beloued *Isles*;
Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
 Their full mouth'd blasts, that breathles are controld;
 Each one retyres and shrinks into his seat
 And seagreene *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat;
 And thus at length, our *Penace* is past o're
 The barre, and rides before the *Maiden-Towre*:

Vp, now in earnest (voyagers) and stand yee

On your faint legs; Our *long boat* straight shall land ye,
 Forget your trauels now, and lead your eyes
 From your past dangers to your present prize.
 You traffick'd not for toyes; The gods haue set
 No other price to things of price but *sweat*.
 Cheare vp; call home your hearts, and be aduis'd,
 Goods eas'ly purchas'd are as eas'ly priz'd.
 You traffick'd not for trifles; and your trauell
 Was not to compasse the almightie *grauell*
 Ofth' *Indian Mines*, to ballace your estates;
 'Twas not for blasts of *Honour*; whose poore dates
 Depend on regall smiles; and haue no measures,
 But Monarcks *wils*, expiring with their pleasures.
 'Twas not to conquer Kingdomes, or obtaine
 The dangerous title of a *Soueraigne*;
 These are poore things: It is but false discretion
 To toyle, where hopes are sweeter then possession.
 No, we are bound vpon more braue aduentures;
True Honour, Vertue, beauty, are the Centers
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts doe tend,
 And heauen hath brought our voyage to an end.

Haile noble *Argalus*; now the *Cockboate* stands
 Secure: step forth, and reach thy widened hands,
 And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine armes;
 Strike vp (braue spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarmes
 Vpon her melting lips: Take *Toll*, before
 Thou set her dainty foot vpon the shore;
 So let her slide vpon thy gentle brest;
 And feele the ground: then lead her to her rest,
 Goe Imps of honour; let the morning Sun
 Gild your delights, and spend his beames vpon
 Your mariage triumphs; let his westerne light
 Decline apace, and make an early Night.

Goe,

Goe, *Turtles*, goe let trebble ioyes betide
The faithfull *Bridegroome*, and his fairest *Bride*.

Let your owne vertues light you to your rest;
To morrow come we to your nuptiall feast,

By this the curld pate *Waggoner* of heauen
Had finish'd his diurnall course, and driuen
His panting Steeds adowne the *Western* hill,
When siluer *Cynthia*, rising to fulfill
Her nightly course, lets fall an euening teare,
To see her brother leaue the *Hemisphere*,
Which, by the ayre dispers'd, is earely found
(And call'd a *pearlly dew*) vpon the ground :
Still was the night, no language did molest
The waking eare; All mortals were at rest;
No breath of wind had power to prouoke
The *Aspine* leafe, or quell the aspiring smoake;
Sweet was the ayre, and cleare; no *Starre* was hid;
No enuious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wilde *Astronomer*, to gaze; and looke
Into the secrets of his spangled booke;
Whil'st round about, in each resounding groue,
(As if the *Choristers* of night had stroue
T' excell) the warbling *Philomele* compares,
And vies by turnes her *Polyphonian* ayres.

And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to inuite
Nights rauinous rebels, from their secret-holds
To rome, and visite the securer folds,
Whil'st drouzie *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Locks vp the *Shepherds* eye-lids, and betrayes
The scatter'd flocks, which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the *Sun-god* rises.

By this the pale-fac'd *Empresse* of the night

Had

Had resurrendred vp her borrowed light,
 And to the lower world she now retires,
 Attended with her traine of lesser fires,
 And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
 To vsher *Titan* from his purple bed,
 The gray-ey'd Ianitor does now begin
 To ope his Easterne portals, and let in
 The new borne *Day*; who hauing lately hurld
 The shades of night into the lower world,
 The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does vnfold
 Her purple Curtaines, all befring'd with gold;
 And from the pillow of his *Croecian* bed,
 Don *Phæbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
 That with his all discerning eye suruayes,
 And gilds the mountaines with his morning rayes.

Now, now the wakefull *Bridegroomæ* (whose last
 Had made her shades too long) salutes the light, (night
 Salutes the welcome light, which now at length,
 Shall crowne his heart with ioyes, beyond the strength
 Of mortall language, whose religious fires
 Shall light those louers to their wisht desires.

Vp *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptiall weeds,
 T'enioy that ioy from whence all ioy proceeds:
 Enter those ioyes, from whence all ioy proceeds:
 Vp *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptiall weeds.

And thou faire *Bride*, more beautious then the day,
 Thy *Day* is come, and *Hymen* cals away;
 Awake and rouze thee from my downy slumber;
 Thy *Day* is come: and may thy ioyes out number
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;
 Arise, and bid thy maiden bed, adieu;
 Put on thy nuptiall robes; Time cals away:
 O may thy after dayes be like this *Day*.

By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glorie
Had halfe way mounted to the highest storie
Of his Olympicke *Palace* : there to see
This long expected Dayes solemnitie :
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From euerie quarter) the Maiestick sound
Of many *Trumpets* : all in consort running
One point of warre, transcending farre the cunning
Of mortall blasts; and what did seeme more strange,
The thrill mouth'd musicke did as sudden change
To *Dorick* straines, to sweet mollitious ayres,
To *Lyrick* songs, and voyces, like to theirs
That charm'd *Vlysses* : whil' st th' amazed eare
Stood rauisht at these changes, it might heare
Those voyces, (by degrees) transforme to *Lutes*,
To *Shaulms*, deepe throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And Eccho-forcing *Cornets*; which surpast
The Art of man : this *Harmony* did last
Vntill the *Bridegroome* came : But all men wondred
To heare the noyse : some thought the heauens had
To a new tune; and some more wiser cares (thundred
Conceiu'd, it was the *Musick of the Spheares* :
All wonderd, all men gaz'd; and all could heare,
But none knew whence the *Musicke* was, or where.

Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had rose,
And stroue with greater brightnesse, to depose
The glory of the first, the *Bridegroome* came,
Vher'd along with Eagle-winged *Fame*,
Whose twice five hundred mouthes did at one blast
Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past.
His nuptiall vesture was of Scarlet *Dye*
So deepe, as it would dazle a weake eye
To gaze vpon't; to which, the curious Art

Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A rising *Sunne*, imboſt with pureſt gold;
From whence ten thousand *trailes* of gold came down
In waued points, like *Sun-beames* from that Sun.
Thus from his chamber, midſt the vulgar crowd
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and paſt
Th' amazed multitude, till at the laſt,
His Herald brought him to the *Hall of State*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did a waite
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lowder volley of their ioyes at large.
The *Hall* was ſpacious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Flora's* wealth (a bountie that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) The wals were richly clad
With curious *Tapſtrie*; (ſuch as *Greece* ne're had
Before this day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd filkes, and gold,
This preſent Story of theſe peereleſſe Louers,
Which, like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcouers
The ſeueral paſſages, that did befall
Twixt their firſt meeting, and their nuptiall;
Deuiſ'd and wrought by Virgins borne in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a *peece*
Deuoted to the memorie and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenia's* name.
No ſooner was the Ceremony ended,
(Wherein each noble ſpirit more contended
T' expreſſe affection, then affect th' expreſſion.
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profeſſion
Of ayrie friendſhip) but a ſudden ſhout
Of rudely mingled voyces flew throughout

The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
Ioy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.

Forthwith (as if that heauens had broken loose,
 And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
 Their heauenly bodies, with the mortall tribe
 Of men; or, else, intending to ascribe
 Their pers'nall honour to this nuptiall)
 In more then princely state, enters the *Hall*
 A glorious Show of *Ladies*, all aray'd
 In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
 With Iems vnaualued; and each Lady wore
 A Scarfe vpon her arme, embroidered o'er
 With *gold* and *pearle*; Thus hand in hand they past
 Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
 A backward looke, as if their thoughts did minde
 Some greater glory, comming on behinde:

Next after them, came in the *virgin crew*
 In milke white robes (virgins that neuer knew
 The sacred mysteries of the mariage bed,
 Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
 Ere lent a thought to nuptiall ioyes, till now)
 Thus past these *buds* of nature; two, by two,
 Their long dissheuld *treffes* dangled downe
 With carelesse Art, and on each head a crowne
 Of golden *Laurell* stood: Their faces shrowded
 Beneath a *vaile*, seem'd as the Stars were clouded.

Haue ye beheld in frosty winters Euen,
 When all the lesser twinkling *lamps* of heauen
 Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
 Of rising *Cynthia* lookes? with what a grace
 She views the *Throne* of darkenesse, and aspires
 Th' *Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires?
 So after all these *sparkes* of beauty, came

(They were all but sparks to such a glorious flame)
 The fayre *Parthenia*, thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
 Enters the roome; A milke white *vayle* did hide
 Her blushing face; which, ne'er the lesse discloses
 Some glymps of red, like *Lawne* o're spread in *roses*;
 Thus entred she; The garments that she wore,
 Were made of *Purple silke*, bespangled o're
 With *Starres* of purest gold, and round about
 Each feuerall *Starre* went winding in, and out,
 A *trayle* of orient pearle, so rarely wrought, (thought,
 That as the garments moou'd, you would haue
 The *Starres* had twinckled; Her disheueled hayre
 Hung downe behind, as if the onely care
 Had bin to reconcile *neglect* and *Art*,
 Hung loosely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
 Of those her sky-resembling *robes*; but so,
 That euery breath would waue it too and fro,
 Like flying clouds; through which, you might discover
 Sometimes one glim'ring *Starre*, sometimes another:
 Thus on she went; her ample traine supported
 By thrice three virgins, euenly siz'd and sorted
 In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bridegroome* rises
 From off his chaire; bowes downe; and sacrifices
 The peacefull offering of a morning kisse,
 Vpon her lips: To such a *Saint* as this,
 O, what rebellious heart could chose but bowe,
 And offer freely the perpetuall vowe
 Of choyce obedience?

With that, each Noble moues him from his place,
 And with a posture, full of Princely grace,
 Salutes the lonely *Bride*, with words, expressing
 The ioyfull modell of a kingdomes blessing.

But harke! The *Hymenean trumpet* sends

Her

Her latest summons forth : *Hymen* attends
The noble payre, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the sacred *Altars* smoake
With *Mirrhe* and *Frankincense*, The wayes are strow'd
With *Flora's* pride; and the expecting crowd
Haue throng'd the streets, and euery greedy eye
Attends, to see the *Tryumph* passing by :

At length, the gates flew open. And on this fashion
Began the Tryumph; first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voyce : *If any be,*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatsoere degree,
Professing armes, or honour in the land,
That at this time, can challenge, or pretend
A title to Parthenia's heart, or claime
A right, or interest in her loue, or name;
Let him come forth in person; or, appeare
By noble Proxy, if not present here;
And by the exc'lent honour of a Knight,
He shall receiue such honourable right
As the iust sword can giue; Let him now come,
And speake; or, else, for euermore be dumme,

Thrice was it read; which done; forthwith there
True honours Eaglewinged Herald, Fame, (came
Sounding a siluer Trump; and as she past,
She shooke the earths foundation, with her blast.

Next after whom in vndissembled state
The Bridegroom came; on his right hand did wait
The god of Warre in Martiall robes of greene,
All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had beene
But newly wounded, and from euery wound,
Fresh bloud did seeme to trickle on the ground;
And as the garments moou'd, each dying heart
Would seeme to pant a while, and then depart.

Vpon the *Bridegroomes* left hand there attended
Heauens Pursuiuant, whose brawny arme extended
A winged *Caduce*; He had scarce the might
To curbe his feet; his feet were wing'd for flight.
Aboue his head their hands did ioyntly hold
A crimzon *Canopic* embost with gold.

Next them, twice twenty famous *Nobles* follow'd,
Braue men at armes, whose names the world had hal-
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (low'd
Whose bloods haue ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: These were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle worke*, so rarely made;
That he which sees them, thinkes he doth behold
Armours of *steele*, faire filletted with gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did aduance
Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance*.

And after these, the Princely *virgin-Bride*,
On whom all eyes were fastned, did diuide
Her gentle paces, being led betweene
Two *Goddesses*, the one arai'd in greene,
On which the curious *needle* vndertooke
To make a *forest*: here a bubling brooke
Diuides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The singled *Deere*, before the deepe-mouth'd Crie,
That closely followes: There th'affrighted *Herd*
Stands trembling at the musicke, and afeard
Of euery shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to goe;
Where, in a *Launskip*, you may see the *Faunes*,
Following their crying mothers o're the *Lawnes*;
The other was in robes, the purer dye
Whereof, did represent the midday sky,
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious beams
Of

Of the obscured *Sun* appeares, and seemes
As'twere to scatter; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitfull bed
Of noisome *weeds*; from whence, you might discern
A thousand painfull *Bees* extract and earne
Their sweet prouision; and, with laden thighes,
To beare their waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt these two,
The first, was she, that on *Aëteons* brow
Reneng'd her naked Chastity; the other
Was she, to whom *Ioues* pregnant braine was mother
Through *Vulcans* helpe; and these did iointly hold
Vpon her head, a *Coronet* of gold;
Whose traine *Draas* virgin crew, all crown'd
With golden wreathes, supported from the ground.

Next after her, vpon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And sty'd the *Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And euery spot appeared as a staine
Of louers blood, whom their hard hearts had slaine:
Ranckt three, and three, and on each head a crowne
Of *Primeroses*, and *Roses* not yet blowne.

Next whom, the beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short
Of what th' vnlimited, and studied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities; where euery one
Stroue to excell, and to b' excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the *Temple*; where attended
The sacred *Priests*, whose voices recommended
The dayes successe to heauen, and did diuide
A blessing 'twixt the *Bridegroome*, and the *Bride*:

Which

Which done; and after low obeysance made,
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said:

*Welcome to Iuno's sacred Courts; Draw neare :
Unspotted Lovers, welcome : Doe not feare
To touch this holy ground; Passe on secure;
Our gates stand ope to such guests, as you are;
Our gracious Goddesse grants you your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires,
We offered in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incenle in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crownes your voves, and smiles vpon this Day.*

So said; they bowed to the ground, and blest
Themselves; that done, they singled from the rest
The noble *Bridegroome*, and his princely *Bride*,
And said; *Our gracious goddesse be our guide,*
As we are yours; and as they spake that word,
Their well-tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With *Musick* from the *Altar* : As along
They past, they ioyntly warbled out this song :

T*Hus in Pompe, and Priestly pride,
To glorious Iuno's Altar goe we;
Thus to Iuno's Altar show me
The noble Bridegroome and his Bride :
Let Iuno's houely blessings send ye
As much ioy as can attend ye.*

*May these louers neuer want
True ioyes, nor euer beg in vaine
Their choice desires; but obtaine
What they can wish, or she can grant.
Let Iuno's houely blessings send ye
As much ioy as can attend yee.*

*From facietie, from strife,
 Jealousies, domesticke iars,
 From those blowes, that leaue no scars,
 Iuno protect your marriage life.
 Iuno's houely blessings send yee
 As much ioy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymens sacred bands
 We commend your chast deserts,
 That as Iuno link'd your hearts,
 He would please to ioyne your hands
 And let both their blessings send ye
 As much ioy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptiall *Caroll* ended,
 But bowing to the ground, they recommended
 This princely paire (both prostrate on the floore)
 And with their hands presented them before
 The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
 Two milke white *Turtles*; and with prayers besought
 That *Iuno's* lasting fauours would descend,
 And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that, a horrid cracke of dreadfull thunder
 Posselt each fainting heart, with feare and wonder:
 The rafters of the holy *Temple* shooke,
 And if accursed *Archimagocs* booke
 (That cursed Legion) had beene newly read:
 The ground did tremble, and a mist ore-spread
 The darkned *Altar*.

At length, deepe silence did possesse and fill
 The spacious *Temple*, all was whist and still;
 When, from the clouded *Altar*, brake the sound
 Of heauenly *Musicke*; such, as would confound

With death, or rauishment the earth-bred care,
 Had not the *Goddesse* giuen it strength, to beare
 So strong a rapture. As the *Musicke* ended,
 The *Mist* on sudden vanisht, and ascended
 From whence it came. The *Altar* did appeare,
 And *ashes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
 Neere which, great *Hymen* stood, not seene before
 His purple *Mantle* was embroidred o're
 With *Crownes* of *Thorne*; 'mongst which, you might
 Some, here and there (but very few) of gold; (behold
 Vpon each little space, that did diuide
 The seuerall *Crownes*, a *Gordian* knot was tied:
 And, turning to the *Priest*, he thus began;

*What meane these fumes? Say, what hath mortall man
 To doe with vs? What great request, what suit
 Does now attend vs, that they thus salute
 Our nostrills, with such acceptable fauours?
 Tell vs, wherein doe they implore the fauours
 Of the pleas'd gods; for by th' eternall throne,
 And Maiesty of heauen, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;
*Great God, this noble Bridegroome, and his Bride
 Whom we, most humbly here, present before
 Great Iuno's sacred altar, doe implore
 Your gracious aide: that with your nuptiall bands,
 Your Grace would please to tie their promist hands.*

With that, he straight descends the holy stayres,
 And with his widened armes diuides and shares
 An equall blessing twixt them both, and said,

Noble Youth, and louely Maide,
*Heauen accepts your pleasing fires,
 And hath granted your desires:
 By the mystry of our power,*

*First, we consecrate this hower
To Iuno's name, that she would blesse
Our prosperous actions with successe.
With this Oyle (which we appoint
For holy uses) we annoint
Your temples, and with nuptiall bands
Thus we firmly ioyne your hands,
Be ioynd for euer: and let none
Presume t'undoe, what we haue done,
Be ioynd till lawlesse Death shall seuer
Both hands and hearts: be ioynd for euer:
Eternall curses we alot
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.*

So said, he blest them both in *Iuno's* name,
And from their sight he vanisht in a flame.
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoaking altar. Thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where sending forth the well accepted sound
Of *thanks* and *vowes*, from their diuided heart,
They kisse the sacred *Altar* and depart;
And with the selfe same *Triumph* as they came,
Returned; whil'st the louder *Trumpe* of Fame
With a full blast, sends forth a shrill retreat
And reconducts them to the *Hall of State*;
Whose richly furnisht table would inuite
A bed-rid stomacke to an Appetite,
And make the wastfull *Glutton*, that does eate
His vnearn'd diet with his daily sweat,
Behold his heauen in a more ample measure,
Then he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
Of his best faith; such were the dainties: such
The vyands, that I dare not thinke too much

To tearme it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid.
Soone as the *Martial* of this Princely feast,
Had in his rightfull seate, plac'd euery guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing diuine.

Forthwith; with ioyned hands, and smiling faces,
With habits more vnequall then their paces,
A iolly paire drew neare the table; the one
In greene; His pamper'd body had outgrowne
His seame-ript garments, all embroyder'd ouer
With spreading Vines, whose fruitfull leaues did couer
Her swelling Clusters, his outstrutting eyes
Star'd in his head: his dropsie swollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd snout
Was freely furnisht, and enricht about
With *Carbuncles*; around his browes did twine
Full laden Clustes, raiisht from the *Vine*.

The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd vpon:
The colour of her filken *Mantle* was
Twixt greene and yellow, like the faded grasse:
On which were wrought enclosed fields of *Corne*,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaues, & some vnshorne
Well fauour'd was her count'nance, plump & round;
Her golden Tresses dangled to the ground;
Her temples bound with full ripe eares of *wheate*,
Made like a *Girland*: frequent drops of sweat
Downe from her swarty browes did flily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *sickle*.
Thus vs herd, with a *Bag-pipe*, to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet vnable
To challenge language from his breathlesse tongue,
Till

Till smiling Ceres thus began the Song.

Ceres. **W**elcome fairest virgin-Bride:
Welcome to our iolly feast;

Taste what Ceres did provide
For so faire, so faire a guest.

Bacch. Taste what Bacchus did provide
For so faire, so faire a guest:
Welcome fairest virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our iolly feast.

Chor. Our conioyned bounties doe
Make Mars smile and Venus too.

Ceres. Welcome noble Bride-groome hither;
Worlds of blisse and ioyes attend ye:
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres bountie sends ye.

Bacch. Freely welcome both together;
See what Bacchus bounty sends ye:
Welcome noble Bride-groome hither,
Worlds of blisse and ioyes attend ye.

Chor. Our conioyned bounties doe
Make Mars smile and Venus too.

Ceres. Here is that whose sweet varietie
Gives you pleasure and delight;
Makes you full without sacietie;
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. This will rouse the man of warre,
When the Drum shall beate in vaine,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise againe.

Chor. You that ioyntly doe inherit
Venus beautie, Mars his spirit,
Freely taste our bountie; so
Mars shall smile, and Venus too.

The Song thus ended; ioyning hands together;
They bow'd; & vanisht, none knew how, nor whither.

To make relation of each quaint Deuise,
That Art presented their vnwearied eyes;
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse;
The dainties of the first, the second course;
The secret glances of the *Bridegroomes* eye
On his faire *Bride*; how oft she blusht, and why;
Were but to rob the *Bridegroome* of his right,
Who counts each houre a Summers day, till night.
Me thinkes it grieues me, that my pen should wrong
Poore Louers disappointed hopes so long;
And it repents me so, that oftentimes
Me thinkes I could be angry with my *Rimes*,
And for the cruell sins that they commit
In being tedious, some I wish vnwrit.
Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
What state; or what to please the appetite,
The eye, the eare, the fancy: In a word,
What ioy so short a season could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here exprest
In this our Nuptiall, this our princely feast.

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now resign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
The curious linnen gone: and all the rights
Perform'd, that 'long to festiuall delights;
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth his *Caduce*, and adiures them all
To depth of silence; Tells them; 'tis his taske
To let them know, the Gods intend a *Maske*,
To grace these nuptialls; and, with that, he spred
His ayre-diuiding pinious, and fled:

When silence thus had charmed euery care

With

*With wonder, and attention; they might heare
The winged Quiristers of night, about
In euery corner, sweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian ayres, and wilder note,
Which nature taught them to diuide, by rote;
So that the Hall did seeme a shady groue,
Wherein by turnes, th' ambitious Quire strone
T' excell themselves.*

The
Masque of
the Gods.

*While thus their eares were feeding with delight
Vpon these straines; the Goddesse of the night
Enters her Sceane; Her body was confin'd
Within a coale black Mantle thorow linde
With sable Furies; Her tresses were of hiew
Like Ebonie; on which, a Pearely dewe
Hung, like a spiders Web; Her face did shrowd
A swarth Complexion, underneath a Cloud
Of black curld Cypresse: On her head, she wore
A crowne of burnisht Gold, beshaded o're
With Foggs and rory mist; Her hand did beare
A Scepter, and a sable Hemisphere;
She sternely shooke her dewly lockes, and brake
A melancholly smile, and thus bespake.*

*Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) Let flippe
Your louser reines, and vse thine idle whippe;
Thy pamperd Steeds are pursie, drive away;
The lower world thinkes long to see the day;
Darknesse befits vs best; and our delight
Will relish farre more sweeter, in the night;
Approach (ye blessed shaddowes) and extend
Your early iurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly sports, Approach; make no delay;
It is your Queene, your Soueraigne calls away.*

With that a sudden darknesse fill'd the Hall:

The

*The light was banisht, and the windowes all
So neerly clo'sd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darknes out :
Thus while the death-resembling shades of night
Had drawne their misty Curtaines twixt the light
And euery darkned eye, which was denide
To see, but that, which darknesse could not hide ;
The iealous God, fearing he knowes not whom,
(Indeed whom feares he not ?) enters the roome,
And with his club-foot groping in the shade
Of night, he mutterd forth these words, and said ;*

Vulcans
speech.

*Where is this wanton Harlot now become ?
Is light so odious to her ? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
Must still be rambling, where vnknowne to me ?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling Venus must be one ?
Is't not enough that Phæbus does applaud
Her lust, but must Nights goddesse be her baud ?
Darknes be gone, thou patronesse to Lust ;
If faire meanes may not rid thee, fouler must :
Away ; my power shall outcharme thy charmes,
And finde her painting in her louers armes.
Enter you Lamplets of terrestriall fire,
And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Reuenge the wrongs of Phæbus, with your light.
So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round
With lighted Tapors ; Euery obiect fonn'd
An eye to owne it, and each eye was fill'd
With pleasure, in the obiect it beheld.*

*As these deuisefull changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,*

Morpheus

Morpheus came in ; His dreaming pace was so,
 That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow ;
 His folded armes athwart his brest, did knit
 A sluggards knot ; his nodding chinne did hit
 Against his panting bosome, as he past ;
 And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast ;
 He wore a crowne of Poppie on his head ;
 And, in his hand he bore a Mace of Lead ;
 He yawned thrice, and after homage done,
 To Nights blacke Soueraigne he thus begun :

Great Empresse of the world ; to whom I owe
 My selfe, my seruice, by perpetuall vow ;
 Before the footstoolle of whose dreadfull Throne,
 The princes of this lower world lay downe
 Their crownes, their scepters ; whose victorious hand,
 Intwice twelue houres did conquer and command
 This Globe of earth ; your seruant (whose dependance
 Quickens his power) comes to giue attendance
 Vpon thy early shadowes, and to seize
 Vpon these wearied mortals ; when you please
 T'appoint ; till then your seruant is at hand
 To put in execution your command.

Morpheus
speech.

To whom the smiling Goddesse thus replide ;
 Morpheus, Our pleasure is to set aside
 This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports ;
 Our sleepe restraining buisnesse much imports
 Your welcome absence, whilst our eares shall number
 The flying houres : our mirth admits no slumber.
 That word scarce ended, but the Queene of Loue
 Descended from her vnseene seat aboue ;
 In her faire hand she led her winged Son,
 And like a full mouth'd tempest thus begun :
 Disloyall Sycophant, Deaths bastard brother,

The God-
desse of the
Nights
speech.

Q

Accursed

Venus
speech to
Morpheus.

Accursed spaunc, cast from a cursed Mother;
That with thy base impostures, riflest man
Of halfe his daies, of halfe that little spanne,
Nature hath lent his life; that with thy wiles,
Hugg'st him to death; betray'st him with thy smiles;
What mak'st thou here, and to vsurpe my right.
Perfideous *Caitife*? *Venus* day is night.
Goe to the frozen world; where mans desire
Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne're the warmer: Goe, and visit fooles,
Or Phlegmatick old age, whose spirit cooles
As quickly as their breath: Goe; what haue we
To doe (dull *Morpheus*) with thy *Mace*, or thee
As leaden as thy *Mace*? Th'art made for nought,
But to still Children, or to ease the thought
Of brain-sick *Phranticke*s; or with ioyes to flatter
Poore slumbring soules; which wak'd, finde no such
Goe succour those, that vent by quick retaile (matter.
Their wits, vpon deare penny-worths of *Ale*;
Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
Wants meanes to flake the fury' of their false fire.
O that I were a *Basiliske*, that I
Might dart my venome; or else venom'd, die.
Boy, bend thy Bow; and with thy forked dart,
Drawne to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let flie *Deaths arrow*; or if thou hast none,
In deaths name send an arrow of thine owne;
We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree;
Shoot then; at once, reuenge thy selfe and me.

*With that the little angry god did bend
His steelen bow, and in Deaths name did send
His winged messenger, whose faithfull haste
Dispatcht his irefull errand, and stucke fast*

Within

*Within his pierced liuor, and did hide
 His singeing feathers in his wounded side.
 Morpheus fell downe, as dead; and on the ground
 Lay for a little season in a sound,
 Gasping for breath. And Louers dreames they say
 Haue euermore beene wanton since that day.
 Venus was pleas'd. The Goddesse of the night
 Grew angry; she would needs resigne her right
 Of gouernment; and in a spleene threw downe
 Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crowne;
 And with a duskie fogge she did besmeare
 The face of Venus, soild her golden haire,
 With her blacke shades; and with foule tearmes reuil'd
 Both her, her cuckold mate, and bastard childe;
 Whereat the God of Warre, being much offended,
 Forsooke both seat and patience, and descended;
 And, to the world, hee profer'd to make good
 Faire Venus honour, with his dearest blood.
 To whom poore Vulcan (puffing in a rage,
 To heare his well knowne fortune on a stage)
 Scrap'd many a thanke; and with his crouching knee
 Profeest true loue to such true friends, as he.
 And euer since, experience lets vs know,
 Cuckolds are kinde to such as make them so.*

*By this, god Morpheus waking from his swound,
 Beganne to groane; and from his aking wound
 Drew forth the buried shaft: but Mars (whose word
 Admits no other organ, but his sword)
 Vnsheath'd his furious brondyron, and let flie
 A blow at Morpheus head, which had well-nye
 Clouen him in twaine, had not the Queene of night
 Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight;
 So that the sword by a false guided ayme*

*Struck Vulcans foot, which euer since was lame.
At last, the gods came downe, and thought it good,
To nippe this carely quarrell in the bud.
Whose fearing vprores, with a friendly cup
Of blest Nepenthé, tooke the quarrell vp;
And, for th' offence committed, did proclaime
This sentence, in offended Iuno's name.*

The sen-
tence.

*Morpheus, from hence is banisht, for this night
And not t'approach before the morning light;
Mars is exile for euer, as a guest
Adiudg'd vnfitting for a mariage feast.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and roue about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetuall night,
And not (vnlesse by stealth) to see the light:
Her chieft ioy to be but pleasing folly,
Perform'd with madnes, dogd with melancholy.*

*And there the Musicke did inuite their paces
To measure time; and by exchange of places,
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captiue to varietie.*

*Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth
They spent the time, as if that heauen and earth
Had studied to please man, in such a measure,
That Art could not doe more, t'augment their pleasure:
And so they vanisht.*

*Now Ceres euening bountie reinuites
Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights;
And frolicke Bacchus, to refresh their soules,
With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowles.
Wine came vnwisht like water from a fourse,
And delicates were mingled with discourse.
What Art could doe, to make a welcome guest*

Was

Was liberally presented at that feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appeares
An old gray Pilgrime deeply struck in yeares,
In tatterd garments. In his wrinkled hand
An Houre-glasse, labouring with her latest sand.
Beneath his arme, a buffen Knapfacke hung,
Stuft full of *writings*, in an vnknowne tongue,
Chronologies, outdated *Almanackes*,
And *Patents*, that had long suruiu'd their waxe.
Vnto his shoulders *Eagles-wings* were ioyn'd;
His head ill thatcht before, but bal'd behinde:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pause, and after that he said,

*Mortals, 'tis out, my glasse is runne,
And with it, the day is done.*

*Darke shadowes haue expell'd the light,
And my glasse is turn'd for night.*

*The Queene of darkenesse bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day.*

*Vpon the day, such ioyes attend;
With the day such ioyes must end.*

*Thinke not, Darkenesse goes about
Like death, to pusse your pleasures out.*

*No, no, sheele lend you new delights;
She hath pleasure for the nights,
When as her shadowes shall benight ye,
She hath what shall still delight ye.*

*Aged time shall make it knowne,
She hath dainties for her owne.*

*Tis very late; Away, away,
Let day-sports expire with Day.*

*For this time, we adiourne your feast;
The Bridegroome faine would be at rest.*

*And if night pastimes shall displease ye,
Day will quickly come, and ease yee.*

With that, a sweet vermillian tincture stayn'd
The *Brides* faire cheekes; The more that she restrayn'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
Did ouerflow; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drowne that *world* of beauty in her face.
She blusht; (but knew not why) And like the *Moone*
She look'd most red, vpon her going downe.

But see: the smiling Ladies doe begin
To ioyne their whispring heads, as there had beene
A plot of treason; till at length, vnspide,
They stole away th' vnwilling-willing *Bride*;
Their busie hands disrob'd her, and so led
The timorous virgin to her *Nuptiall* bed.

By this, the *Nobles* hauing recommended
Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended,
They look'd about, and thinking to haue done
Their seruice to the *Bride*; the *Bride* was gone.
And now, the *Bridegroom* (vnto whom delay
Seem'd worse then death) could brook no longer stay:
Attended by his noble guests, he enters
That roome, where th'enterchangeable *Indenters*
Of dearest loue, lay ready to be seal'd
With mutuall pleasures, not to be reueald.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be borne) doe ouerfraight
His weary shoulders; *Atlas* neuer stoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt;
No helpe was wanting; for he did receiue
What sudden ayde he could expect; or haue
From speedy hands, from hands that did not wast

The time, vnlesse(perchance)by ouer hast;
Meane while, a dainty warbling brest, not strong,
As sweet, presents this *Epithalamion* song.

*Man of warre, march brauely on,
The field's not easie to be wonne;
There's no danger in that warre,
Where lips both swords and bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill thee;*

*A bed of downe's thy field:
Here's no sword to kill thee,
Vnlesse thou please to yeeld;
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no scars to number.*

*These are warres of Cupids making,
These be warres will keepe yee waking,
Till the earely breaking Day
Call your forces hence, away.*

*These are warres that make no spoyle,
Death shoots his shafts in vaine
Though the souldier get a foyle,
He will rouse, and fight againe.
These be warres that neuer cease,
But conclude a mutuall peace,*

*Let benigne and prosp'rous starres
Breathe successe vpon these warres,
And when thrice three months be runne,
Be thou father of a sonne;*

*A son, that may deriue from thee
The honor of true merit,
And may to ages, yet to be,
Conuay thy blood, thy spirit;
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crowne thy name;*

And

*And give it life in spite of death,
When Fame shall want both trump & breath*

Haue you beheld in a faire Summers euen,
The golden-headed Charettor of heauen,
With what a speede his prouder reines doe bend
His panting horses to their iournies end?
How red he lookes, with what a swift careire
Hee hurries to the lower Hemisphere;
And in a moment shootes his golden head
Vpon the pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed.
Euen so the Bridegoome (whose desire had wings
More swift the *time*, swicht on with pleasure) springs
Into his nuptiall bed; and looke how fast
The stooping Faulkon clips; and, with what haste,
Her tallons seize vpon the timorous prey,
Euen so his armes (impatient of delay)
His circling armes embrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poore soule) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroom now growes weary of his guests:
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tyred patience: Too much sweet offends;
Sometime to be forsaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* morals, is obseru'd to be
The fruits of friendship, in the best degree.
And thus, at last, the Curtaines being clos'd,
They left them, each in others armes repos'd.

And here my *Muse* bids draw our Curtaines too,
Tis vnfit to see what priuate Louers doe.
Reader let not thy thoughts grow ouer rancke,
But vaile thy vnderstanding with a *Blanke*,
Thinke not on what thou thinkest; and, if thou canst,
Yet vnderstand not, what thou vnderstandst.
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with so poore seeds;

Or if, perchance, (vnfowne) they spring like weeds,
 Vse them like weeds, thou knowst not how to kill;
 Sleight them; and let them thriue against thy will.
 View them like euills, what Art cannot preuent,
 But see, thou take no pleasure in their sent.
 And one thing more; When as the morrow light
 Shall bring the bashfull *Bride* into thy sight;
 Be not too cruell; Let no wanton eye
 Disturbe, and wrong her conscious modesty;
 And if she blush, examine not for what;
 Nay though thou see it (Reader) see it not.

And shall our story discontinue here?
 Or want a period, till another yeare?
 Shall we befriend these louers, with the night,
 And leaue them buried in their owne delight?
 And so conclude? No, it shall ne're be sed,
 That mariage ioyes end in the mariage bed.
 Fond and adulterate is that loue, which founds
 Her happinesse on such vnstable grounds:
 And, like a sudden blaze, it neuer lasts,
 But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

Now *Argalus* awakes; and now the light
 Is euen as welcome to him, as the night:
 His eyes are fixt vpon his louely *Bride*,
 While she lyes sweetly slumbring by his side.
 She sleepest; he views her; Thrice, his mind was bent,
 To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent.
 Sometimes, his lips, with a stolne kisse would greet
 Her guiltlesse lips; (*They say stolne goods are sweet*)
 At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing cheekes
 In his warme bosome; where, she safely seekes
 For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should fly
 The guilt of her protected modesty.

He smiles, and whispers in her deafned eare;
(Women can understand, and yet not heare)
 He speakes, but she (euen whilst his lips were breaking
 Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.

When thrice three Suns had now almost, out-worne

The rare solemnities, that did adorne
 These princely nuptials, and had made report
 Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
Argalus, whose endeouirs were addrest,
 To practise what might please *Parthenia* best,
 Resolu'd to leaue *Kalander's* house, and crowne
Parthenia sole Commandresse of her owne.

Long was it, ere *Kalander's* liberall eare
 Could be vnlockt; It had no power to heare
 The word, *Farewell*; Still *Argalus* entreated,
 And fram'd excuses; which, he soone defeated;
 But as the stout *Alcides* did casheire
 One rising head, another would appeare,
 Euen so, whilst his ingenious loue did smother
 One cause of parting, he would find another.

Kalander thus at last, (being ouerwrought
 With words, which importunity had taught
 Inexorable *Argalus*) was faine
 To yeeld, what he so long gain-said, in vaine;
 Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must goe,
 But yet *Kalander* must not leaue them so;
 There is no parting, till the aged fire
 Shall warme his fingers, by *Partheniaes* fire;
Parthenia sues; *Kalander* must not rest,
 Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.

The morrow next, when *Titans* earely ray
 Had giuen faire earnest of a fairer Day;
 And, with his trembling beames, had repossess

The eyes of mortalls, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalanders Castle*, and that night,
Arriu'd they at the *Pallace of delight*,
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seate,
Well chosen ; not capatious, as neate,
Yet was it large enough, to entertaine
A potent Prince withall his Princely trayne;
It seem'd a *Center* to a Parke, well stor'd
With Deere; whose well thriuen bounty did afford
Continuall pleasure; and delight; nay what,
That earth calls good, this *Seat* afforded not?
Th' impatient *Falkner* here may learne to say
Forgotten pray'rs, and blesse him euery day.
The patient *Angler*, here may tire his wish;
And (if he please) may sweare, and yet catch fish.
The sneaking *Fowler*, may goe boldly on,
And ne're want sport vntill his powder's done.
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleasure:
Thither this night the nuptiall troope is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her owne.
But would you heare what entertainment past?
Conceiue it rather; for my quill would waste
Th'vnthriuing stocke of my bespoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with rime.
But that which most did season, and imbellish
Their choice delights; and gaue the truest relish
To their best mirth, and pleasures; was to see
With what a sweet conjugiall harmonie
All things were caryed. Euery word did proue
To adde some acquisition to their loue.
So one they were, that none could iustly say,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey.

Hee rul'd; because she would obey, and she
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
What pleased him, would need no other cause,
To please her to, but onely his applause;
A happy paire! whose double life, but one,
Made one life double; and the single, none.

Thus when th' vnconstant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her sharped horns, for an orbe of light,
Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong,
And may not be dispenc'd withall too long)
Takes leaue, and (being equall heavy hearted
With sad *Parthenia* for his hast) departed.
But *Argalus* (who neuer yet could owne
Himselfe with more aduantage then alone)
And faire *Parthenia* (whose well pleas'd desire
Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)
Need not the helpe of any, to augment
The better ioyes of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious *garden* would inuite
Their gentle paces, to her proud delight; (pleasure,
Sometimes the welstor'd *Parke* would change their
And tender to her view, her light foot treasure;
Where th' vnmoled *Herd* would seeme to stand,
And craue a death at faire *Parthenia's* hand. (Tower,
Sometime their steps would climbe th' ambitious
From whose aspiring top they might discover
A little commonwealth of land, which none,
But *Argalus*, durst challenge at his owne.
Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
Selected stories, whilst her eares would feed
Vpon his lips, and now and then a kisse
Would interpose, like a *parenthesis*
Betweene their semicircled armes, enclos'd;

(O what dull spirit could be indispos'd
To read such lines!) and whilst vpon the booke
His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would looke
Vpon the gracefull Reader, and espie
A story farre more pleasing in his eye.

Vpon a day, as they were closely seated;
Her eares attending, whilst his lips repeated
A story, treating the renow'nd aduentures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Messenger*, whose countenance did bewray
A hast too serious, to admit delay;
His hand presents him letters, which did bring
Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside;
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she eyed
The Messenger, her colour comes and goes;
Parthenia feares; and yet *Parthenia* knowes
Not what to feare; Her iealous heart knowes how
To feare an *Euill*, because it feares to know;
And as he read the lines her eye was fixt
Vpon his eye, which seem'd to stride betwixt
A thousand thwarting passions: Once he cast
His eye on hers; and finding hers so fast
On his, he blusht; she blusht; both blusht together,
Because they blusht for what, vnknowne to either.
The letter being read (and hauing kist
Basilus name) he speedily dismiss
The messenger; with promise to obey
Basilus iust commands, without delay.
That done; he tooke *Parthenia* by the hand,
His deare *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand;
And to her greedy eye he straight presents
The Paper, ballac'd with it's sad contents:

Parthenia, with a fearefull slownesse tooke it,
 And with a fearefull hast did ouerlooke it:
 Her face being blanced with the pallide signes
 Of what she fear'd too soone; she read these lines.

Basilus Rex.

V Hereas the famous and victorious name
 Of great Amphialus, makes the trumpe of Fame
 Breathe nothing but his conquests and renowne;
 Whose lawlesse actions fortune strives to crowne
 (In spight of Iustice) with a Victors merit,
 Respecting more the greatnesse of his spirit,
 Then iustnesse of his cause, to the dishonour
 Of vertue, and all such as waite upon her.
 And furthermore; whereas his power is knowne
 To oppugne the welfare of our State and Crowne,
 With strong rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyall glory, and inhancement
 Of his perfidious name, the great increase
 Of factions; and disturbance of our peace.
 Likewise, whereas his high preuailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne're be equall'd yet, much lesse o'recome,
 But with loud triumph, still does carry home
 The spoyles of our lost honour, to the fame
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame.
 We therefore in our Princely care, perpending
 The serious premises, and much depending
 On your knowne courage, haue selected you
 To stand our Champion royall, and renew
 Our wasted honour, with your sword and launce,
 In equall Duell; Thus you shall aduance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name

With

*With the braue purchase of eternall fame :
In this you shall reuiue our dying glorie,
And liue the subiect of this ages story,
(Which shall be read till time shall haue an end)
And tye Basilus your perpetuall friend.*

*To our right trusty and noble
kinsman Argalus.*

*But as she read, a teare did trickle downe
Vpon the lines, as if it meant to drowne
Th'vnwelcome message, and at length she said,*

*Ah me (my Argalus) was't this you made
Such hast to answer ? did that answer need
To be returned with so great a speed ?
Can you, oh can you be so quickly won,
To leaue your poore Parthenia, and be gon ?*

*To whom resolved Argalus (whose eye
Was fixt vpon his honour) made replie;
My deare Parthenia; were it to obtaine
The unsumm'd wealth of Pluto; or to gaine
The soueraignty of the earth, without the expence
Of blood or sweate, without the least pretense
Of danger, my ambition would despise
The easie conquest of so great a prize,
If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest teare that trickles from thine eye;
But to recall my promise, or forsake
That resolution honour bid me make
In this behalfe, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the gods would be vniust,
(And not themselues) if they should but command
Or urge me, with an ouerswaying hand.
My deare Parthenia; Let no false suggestion
Abuse thy passion, or presume to question*

*My dearest loue; Though honour bids vs part,
Yet honour cannot robbe thee, of my heart :
Honour, that calls me with her loud alarmes,
Will bring me back, with Triumph, to thine armes;*

So said; the sad *Parthenia*, (whose teares
Are turnd *Lieutenants* to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language : *Griefes*, that are but small,
Can speake, when great ones cannot vent at all :
But tender hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such silence speakes too loud) forsooke the roome;
And, with a brest, as full of pensue care,
As honor, gaue directions to prepare
His warlike *Steed*, his *Martiall attire*
And all things, such imployment does require,

*And here O thou, thou great supreame protectresse
Of bolder spirits, and the sole directresse
Of lofty flying quills, which shall deriue
To after times, what glorious swords acchine;
And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits
Perpetuate, and crowne their names, their merirts;
Illustrious Clio : Aide me, and inspire
My ragged rimes, with thy diuiner fire;
Teach me to raise my stile, and to attaine
A pitch, that may transcend the vulgars straine;
Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing;
And let my Incke be blood; that I may sing
Death to the life : let him; that reads, expound
Each dash, a sword; and euery word; a wound,*

By this, the *Champion royall* had put on
His martiall weeds; and hasting to be gone
The poore *Parthenia*, whose cold fit past
(Like those in *Agues*) now does burne as fast :
She leaues the lonely roome, as comming out,

She finds her *Argalus*, enclosed about
 With glittering walls of Steele, apparell'd round
 In his bright armes, (whom she had rather found
 Lockt vp in her's) and wanting nothing now,
 But what her lips could not (poore soule) allow,
 Without sea of teares, her last *farewell*;
 She ranne vnto him; and wept; and, weeping fell
 Vpon her knees; she claspt him by the arme,
 And looking vp, she thus began to charme;

My Argalus; my Argalus : my deare,
And wilt thou goe, and leaue Parthenia here ?
Wilt thou forsake me then ? And can these teares
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned eares,
And my sad suit ? Canst thou, ô canst thou goe,
And leaue thy poore destrest Parthnia so ?
Parthenia sues; Parthenia does implore;
Parthenia begges, that neuer begg'd before;
Remember, O remember you are, now,
Vnder the power of a sacred vow :
Honour must stoope to vowes, which once being crackt,
You cannot doe an honourable act :
I haue a Right vnto you; you are mine;
I haue that Interest, which Ile ne're resigne,
Till death : Ile neuer hazard to forgoe
Ny whole estate of happinesse, at one throw,
No, no, I will not : I will hold thee fast
In spight of Honour and her nine dayes blast;
Your former acts haue giuen sufficient prooffe
To the wide world; your valour's knowne enough
Without a further tryall: There's enow
To lose their lines (lesse worthy) besides you;
'Twas then a time for armes, when you had none,
None other life to venture; but your owne;

Excuse me then, that onely doe endeavor
 To hold mine owne; which now I must, or neuer;
 Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
 No danger, but Parthenia must partake;
 Shall your Parthenia be indanger'd then?
 Parthenia shall be present, euen when
 The strokes fall thickest; and Parthenia shall
 Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall;
 Parthenia, in your greatest paines, shall smart;
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart:
 Can prayers obtaine no place? By this deare hand,
 The sacred pledge of our coniugiall band;
 By all the pleasures of our dearest loue;
 By heauen, and all the heauenly powers aboue;
 Or if those motiues cannot finde a roome,
 Yet by the tender fruit, that in my wombe
 Begins to budde, or if ought else appeare
 To thy best thoughts more pretious or more deare,
 By that, forsake me not, although the rest.

Preuaile not. Grant this first, this last request:

To whom the brokenhearted Argalus,
 Wearied, but not o'recome, made answer thus;
 My deare Parthenia; Thy desires neuer
 Gaine said my will, till now: Doe not perseuer
 To craue that boone, I cannot grant: forbear
 To vrge me: Resolution hath no eare:
 Weepe not (*my Ioy*;) Let not those drops of thine,
 That trickle from so faire an eye; diuine
 A foule successe; Cheare vpon; A smile, or two
 Would make me halfe a Conqueror, ere I goe:
 Shine forth; and let no enuious cloud benight
 The glorious luster of so faire a light;
 Doubt not my life: The iustnesse of my cause.

That

*That brings me on, will quite me with applause;
Feare not, that such a blessing, such a wife
Was e're intended for so short a life.*

*Expect my safe returne; as quicke, as glorious;
My Genius tells me, I shall live, victorious.*

So said, as if that passion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
But, like to one, new stricken with the thunder,
She stood betwixt amazement, feare, and wonder:
His lips tooke leaue, and as his armes surrounded
Her feeble waist, she straight fell down, and swounded;
But *Argalus*, transported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer stay; He trusts her to the guard
Of her owne women; left her, and repair'd
Vnto the *Campe*; wherein, he spent some dayes,
In parley, with *Amphialus*; and assayes,
By all perswasive meanes, to make him yeeld
To iust demands, and not to staine the field
With needlesse blood; But finding him vnapt
For peacefull counsell (being strongly rapt
With his owne fame) and scorning to afford
His eare to any language, but the sword,
He ceas'd t'advice him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this desie.

*Renown'd Amphialus,
If strong perswasions, backt with reasons could
Bin honour'd with your eare; your wisdom would,
In yeelding to so faire a peace, haue won
As ample glory, as your sword hath done.
You should haue conquer'd soules; where now at most,
You can subdue but bodies, that haue lost
The power to resist: But since my suit,*

*Somne on his harren soyle, can find no fruit;
 Receiue a mortall challenge, from a hand,
 Whose iustice takes a glory to withstand
 So foule a cause, and labours to subdue
 Your heedlesse errors, whilst it honours you.
 Compose you then, to make a preparation,
 According to your noble wonted fashion;
 And thinke not sleight, of ne're so weake an arme
 That strikes, when Iustice strikes vp her alarme.*

Argalus

*No sooner had he read it, but his pen,
 With noble speed, return'd these lines agen.
 Much more renowned Argalus,
 Your faithfull seruant, whose victorious brow
 Was neuer daunted yet, is daunted now,
 By your braue curtesie, being stricken dumbe
 With your rare worth, and fairly ouercome;
 Yet doubting not the iustnesse of my Cause
 (That's ouer-ruled by the sacred lawes
 Of dearest loue) will giue my sword the power,
 Euen to maintaine it, to the latest houre.
 I shall expect your comming in the Isle,
 Where, with a heart, (not poyson'd with the bile
 Or gallof malice) with my dearest blood,
 Your seruant shall be ready to make good
 His iust designes; assured of no lesse
 Then treble fame, if crowned with successe;
 If not, There's no dishonour can accrew,
 In being conquer'd, and o're come by you.*

Amphialus

*Soone after, Argalus, (whose blood did boyle
 To be in action) comes into the Isle
 Clad in white armour, gilt, and strangely drest*

With

With knots of womans hayre, which from his crest
 Hung dangling downe; and, with their bountious trea-
 Orespred his *Corset* in a liberall measure; (sure,
 His curious furniture was fashion'd out,
 Like to a *flying Eagle*, round about
 Beset with plumes; whose crooked beak (being cast
 Into a costly *Jewell*) was made fast
 To th'saddle bow: Her spreadden train did couer
 His crooper, whilst the trappers seem'd to houer
 Like wings; that, to the fixt beholders eye,
 As the Horse pranc'd, the *Eagle* seem'd to fly.
 Vpon his arme, (his threatning arme) he wore
 A sleeue, all curiously embroydred ore
 With bleeding hearts, which faire *Parthenia* made,
 (In those crosse times, when fortune so betraid
 Their secret loue, and with a smiling frowne
 Dasht their false hopes) as copies of her owne.
 Vpon his shield (for his deuice) he set
 Two neighbring *Palmes*, whose budding branches met
 And twin'd together; the obscure *Imprese*
 Imported this, *Thus flourishing, as these*:
 His *Horse* was of a fiery Sorrell. Blacke
 His maine, his feet, his taile; on his proud backe,
 A coaleblack *List*: His nostrells, open wide,
 Breath'd warre, before his sparkling eye discryde
 An enemy to encounter; vp by turnes,
 He lifts his hasty hooves, as if he scornes
 The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
 Away, to goe, and yet ne're change the ground.

By this *Amphialus* (who all this while
 Thought minuts yeares) was landed in the *Isle*,
 In all respects prouided, to afford
 As bountious entertainment, as the *sword*

And *Launce* could giue : And at the *Trumpets* sound,
 Their *Steeds*, (that needed not a pricke to wound
 Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smooth run-
 Their staues declining with vnshaken cunning (ning
 Perform'd their masters will, with angry speed;
 But *Argalus* his well instructed *Steed*
 Being hot, and full of courage (fiercely led
 By his owne pride) prest in his prouder head,
 The which when stout *Amphialus* espide,
 (Well knowing it vn safe to giue his side)
 Prest likewise in; so that both men, and horse
 Shouldrung each other, with a double force
 Fell to the ground. But by accustom'd skill,
 And help of Fortunes hand, that succours still
 Bold spirits, shunn'd the danger of the fall,
 And had (lesse fear'd then hurt) no harme at all.
 They rose, drew forth their swords; which now begun
 To doe what their left staues had left vndone.

Haue ye beheld a *Leaguer*? In what sort
 The deepe mouth'd *Cannon* playes vpon the *Fort*,
 And how by peecemeales it doth batter downe
 The yeelding *walls* of the besieged towne?
 Euen so their swords (whose oft repeated blowes
 Could finde no patience yet to interpose
 A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
 So hew'd their prooffesse armours, that at length
 Their failing trust began to proue vnfound,
 And peece by peece, they dropt vpon the ground,
 Trusting their bodies to the bare defence
 Of vertue, and vnarmed innocence.
 Such deadly blowes were dealt, and such requited,
 That *Mars* himselfe stood rauisht and affrighted
 To see the cruell *Combate* : Euery blow
 Did act two parts; both stricke & guarded too

At

At selfe-same instant. So incomparable
Their skilfull quicknesse was, that none was able
To say (although their watchfull eyes attended
The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended.
Long was it ere their equall skill and force
Of armes could show a better, or a worse.
Neither preuail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not preuailing. Neuer eye beheld
More equall ods: No wound as yet could show
A drop of wasted blood, yet euery blow
Was full of death. *When skilfull Gamesters play,*
The Christmas box gaines often more then they,

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that neuer
Thirsted so long in vaine till now; nor euer
Made victory doubtfull for so long a space)
Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
Of stout *Amphialus*, who now does feele
The equall temper of his enemies Steele,
Yet was not daunted, by the blow receiu'd,
Nor of his wonted courage so breau'd,
As by the faucy daring of one thrust
To faint or yeeld: rather a braue distrust
Of his old worth, call'd a new anger on,
And fir'd him to sudden talion:
When as directed by some fate-blest charme
He made a second stroake that pierc'd the arme
Of haughty *Argalus*, and made him know
Amphialus would rather dye then owe.
Argalus blush't for want of blood, Expecting
A quicke reuenge, which was not long effecting;
For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, & proclaim'd
Vndoubted victory) heapt his strokes so fast

As

As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last.
The watchfull *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
Dispos'd his time, in onely putting by)
Put home a thrust, (his right foot comming in)
And pierc'd his *Nauell*; that the wound had bin
No lesse then death, if *Fortune*, (that can turne
A mischiefe to aduantage) had forborne
To show a miracle; for with that blow,
Amphialus last made, his arme had so
Orestrucke it selfe; that sideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiu'd that wound
Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blancke,
But, falling, only graz'd vpon his flanke.
Being downe; braue *Argalus* his threatning sword
Bids yeeld; *Amphialus* answering not a word,
(As one, whose mighty spirit did disdaine
A life of almes) but striuing to regaine
His legs, and honour, *Argalus* let driue,
With all the strength, a wounded arme could giue,
Vpon his head; but his hurt arme (not able
To doe him present seruice, answerable
To his desires) let his weapon fall;
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withall)
Arose; but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt
(Being clos'd together) with him; where, both claspt
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly armes of either;
A while they grappled; grappling, fell together,
And on the ground, with equall fortune stroue;
Sometime *Amphialus* was got aboue,
And sometimes *Argalus*. Both ioyntly vow'd
Reuenge; Both wallowed in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bids yeeld.
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,

Yet

Yet neither could; At last, by free consent,
They rose; and to their breathed swords they went;
The *Combat's* now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had beene but new begun.
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
And warme blood entermingles with the cold.
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arme had lost
More blood, then all his body could almost
Supply; and like an vnthrif, that expends
So long as he hath either focke, or friends)
Bled more then his spent Fountains could make good
His spirit could giue courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy *Clyents*, that waxe old
In suit, (whose learned *counsell* can vphold,
And glaze the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their tearmly golden tide
Shall flow alike, from both, 'tis hard to say
Who prospers best, or who shall get the *Day*.
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,
And ebbe so long, till it shall ebbe too low.
His cause, (though richly laden to the brincke,
With right) shall strike vpon the *barre* and sincke;
And then an easie *Counsell* may vnfold
The doubt; The *question's* ended; with the gold.
Euen so our *Combatants*, the whil't their blood
Was equall spilt; the *Cause* seem't equall good,
The Victory equall, equall was their armes;
Their Hopes were equall: equall was their harmes.
But when poore *Argalus* his wasting blood
Ebb'd in his veines, (although it made a flood
A pretious flood, in the vngratefull field)
His cause, his strength, (but not his heart) must yeeld:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,

The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd.
With that *Amphialus* (whose noble strife
Was but to purchase honour, and not life)
Perceiuing what aduantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valour of the *Knight*,
Became his suitor, that himselfe would please
To pittie himselfe, and let the *Combat* cease,
Which noble *Argalus* (that neuer vs'd
In honour to part stakes) with thanks, refus'd.
(Like to a luckelesse gamester; who, the more
He loses, is lesse willing to giue o're)
And filling vp his empty veines with spite,
Begins to summe his forces, and vnite
His broken strength; and (like a Lampe that makes
The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
His sword in both his hands; and at a blow,
Cleft armour, shield, and arme, almost in two.
But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pittie; and, trusting to his *Cards*, he sets
That stocke of courage, treasur'd in his brest
Making his whole estate of strength, his *Rest*;
And vies such blowes, as *Arg'lus* could not see
Without his losse of life: so thundred he
Vpon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open *Sluce* of blood; that found
No hand to stop it, till the dolefull cry
Of a most beautious *Lady*, (who well-nigh
Had runne her selfe to death) restrain'd his arme
(Perchance too late) from doing further harme.

It was the faire *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd; she saw her husband in that plight
She now had found him. Feare and Loue together
Gau her no rest, till they had brought her thither.

The

The nature of her feare did now begin
 T'expell the feare of *Nature*; stepping in,
 Betweene their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
 Before their blood-bedabbled feet, to say
 She knew not what; for as her lips would striue
 To be deliuer'd, a deepe sigh would driue
 Th'abortiue issue of her language forth;
 Which, borne vntimely, perisht in the birth;
 And if her sighes would giue her leaue to vent it,
 O then a teare would trickle, and preuent it;
 But when the winde of her loud sighes had laid
 The shower of her teares, she sobb'd and said:
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailfull sight!
O day of darknesse! O eternall night!
 And there she stopt; her eyes being fixt vpon
Amphialus; she sigh'd, and thus went on;

My Lord,

'Tis said you loue: Then, by that sacred power
 Of loue, as you'd finde mercie in the houre
 Of greatest misery, leaue off; and sheathe
 Your bloody sword: or else if nought but death
 May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
 Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine
 Of your appeased thoughts; or, if you thirst
 For Argalus his life; then take mine first:
 Or, if for noble blood you seeke, if so
 Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
 And worth the spilling: Euen for her deare sake,
 Your tender soule affects, awake, awake,
 Your noble mercy: Grant, I care not whether;
 Let me dye first; or, kill vs both together,

With that *Amphialus* was about to speake,
 But Argalus (whose heart did almost break

To heare *Partheniaes* words) made this reply,
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia; *Then must I*
Be bought and sold for teares? Is my condition
So poore, I cannot live, but by petition?
So said; He stept aside (for feare, by chance,
The fury' of some misguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and, fill'd with high disdain,
Would haue begun the *Combat* fresh againe.

But now, *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose faire eyes there came
Such precious teares, in so belou'd a name;
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very soule did smart;
He stirred not, but kept him at a distance,
And (putting by some blowes) made no resistance.

But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyle,
Must out at last, although they blaze a while;
Trees wanting Sap, must wither; strength and beauty
Can claime no priuiledge to quit that duty
They owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(The vnfound supporters failing) must decline:
Poore *Argalus* growes faint, and must giue o're
To strike; his feeble arme can strike no more;
And natures palefac'd *Bayly* now distraignes
His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
Vnpaid; His arme that cannot vse the *poynt*,
Now leaues vpon the *pomell*; euery ioynt
Disclaimes their idle sinews; and his eye
Begins to double euery obiekt by;
Nothing appeares the same it was; the ground,
And all thereon does seeme to dance the round.
His legs grow faint; and thinking to sit downe,

He

Hee mist his *Chaire*; and fell into a swoone.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with hast, *Amphialus* began
To loose his *Helmet*, whil'st her busie palme
Chaf'd his cold *Temples*, and (distilling Balme
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her linnen sleeues, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the teare-mixt blood away, and wrap
His wounds withall; vpon her panting lappe
She laide his liuelesse head, and (wanting bands
To binde the bloody cloathes) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty haire, by handfuls from her head;
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was faine
With sighs and sobs to drie it vp againe.
Thus halfe distracted with her griefes and feares
These words she entermingles with her teares;

*Distrest Parthenia! Into what estate
Hath fortune, and the direfull hand of Fate
Driuen thy perplexed soule? O thou, O thou,
That wert the president of all ioyes, but now,
Now trun'd th' example of all misery,
For torments worse then death to practise by!
How lesse then nothing art thou? and how more
Then miserable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the earth for happinesse
But very now; (ah me) now; nothing lesse:
O angry heauens; what hath Parthenia done;
To be thus plagu'd, or why not plagu'd alone
If guilty? what shall poore Parthenia doe?
To whom shall she complaine? alas! or who*

*Shall giue reliefe? nay who can giue reliefe
To her, that hopes for succour from her griefe?
O death! Must we be parted then? for euer?
And neuer meet againe? what, neuer? neuer?
Or shall Parthenia now be so unkinde,
To leaue her Argalus, and stay behind?
No, no, my dearest Argalus, make roome;
(There's roome enough in heauen) I come, I come.*

*Who euer saw a dying coale of fire,
Lurke in warme embers (till some breath inspire
A forc'd reuiuall) how obscure it lies;
And being blowne, glimmers a while, and dies?
So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath
Giuing new life, (a life in spite of death)
Recall'd him from his death-resembling traunce;
Who from his panting Pillow did aduance
His feeble head; and looking vp, he made
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said;*

*My deare Parthenia: Now my glasse is runne;
The Tapours tell me that the Play is done;
My dayes are summ'd; Death seizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we must part:
Yet by my better hopes; grimme death does bring
No griefe to Argalus, no other sting
But this, that I must leaue thee, euen before
My gratefull actions can crosse the score
Of thy deare merits:
But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still
Disposes all things by his better will,
Depend vpon his goodnesse, and relye
Vpon his pleasure, not inquiring why:
And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
Enioy each other, ne're to part agen:*

Argalus

last speech.

*Meane while live happy : Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake
In all her ioyes on earth, which shall increase
His ioyes in heauen, and soules eternall peace.
Loue well the deare remembrance of thy true
And faithfull Argalus ; let no thought renew
My last disgrace : thinke not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, though unfortunate.*

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
A sigh, whose vio'lence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twaine ; and when a parting kisse
Had giuen him earnest of approaching blisse,
Hee snatcht his sword into his hand, and cryde,
O Death ! thou art the conquerour, and dyde.

With that, *Parthenia*, whose liuelihood was founded
Vpon his life, bow'd downe her head and swounded.
But, Griefe, that (like a Lion) loues to play
Before it kils, gaue Death a longer day ;
Else had *Parthenia* dy'd, since death deprived
Him of his life, in whose deare life she liued.

But ah ! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deepe,
Too-too vnruely, to be lull'd asleepe
By ought but Death ; She startles from her swound,
And nimble rising from the loathed ground,
Kneeles downe, and layes her trembling hand vpon
His luke-warme lips, but finding his breath gone,
Griefe playes the Tyrant ; fierce distraction drives her
She knowes not where ; vnbounded rage deprives her
Of sense and language ; here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to doe ; nor what she does.
Sometimes her fayre misguided hand would teare
Her beauteous face ; sometimes, her bounteous haire,
As if their vse could stand her in no stead,

Since

Since her beloued *Argalus* was dead,

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
Stood like an *Idol*, fastned to his place;
Where with a world of teares, he did bemoane
The deed, that his vnlucky hands had done)
Well knowing, that his words would aggrauate,
Not ease the miserie of her woefull state,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To vrge her to the *Ferrie*; where together
With her dead *Argalus*, she'embareckt; from whom
She would not part : no sooner was she come
To t'other shore, but all the funerall state
Of militarie discipline did waite
Vpon the *Corps*, whil'st troopes of trick ling eyes
Fore-ran the well perform'd solemnities :
The Martiall *Trumpet* breath'd her dolefull sound,
Whil'st others traild their *Ensignes* on the ground
Thus was the most lamented *Corpes* conuaid,
Vpon a *Chariot*, lin'd, aud ouerlaid
With *Sables*, to his house; a house, then night
More black, no more the *Pallace of Delight*;
Where now we leaue him to receiue the *Crowne*
Prepar'd for vertue, and deseru'd renowne;
Where now we leaue him to be full possesse
Of endlesse peace, and euerlasting *Rest*.

But who shall comfort poore *Parthenia* now ?
What *Oratory* can preuaile ? or how
Can counsell chuse but blush to vndergoe
So vaine a taske, and be contemned too ?
May Counsell moue a heart, whose best releefe
Consists in desperate yeelding to a griefe ?
Or what aduice can rellish in her cares,
That weepes, and takes a pleasure in her teares?

Readers

Readers, forbear : sorrowes that are lamented,
 Are but exulcerated, but augmented;
 Forbear attempt, where there is no preuayling;
 A desperate griefe growes stronger by bewayling.
 Leaue her to *time* and *fortune* : let your eyes
 No longer pry into her miseries;
 True mourners loue to be beheld of none;
 Who truly grieues, desire to grieve alone.

But now our bloodhound *Muse* must draw, and
Amphialus, and bring the Murtherer backe (track
 To a new *Combate* : Where if fortune please
 To crowne our Tragick *Sceane*, and to appease
 The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood;
 Our better rellisht story (making good
 Your hopefull expectations) shall befriend
 The teares of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soone as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worne
 The danger of his wounds, and made returne
 Into the Martiall *Campe*; there, to maintaine
 His new-got honor, and to entertaine
 Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
 Or seeke for satisfaction from his hand;
 An armed *Knight* came praunsing o're the plaine,
 Denouncing warre, and breathing forth disdain.
 Foure dam'ells vs herd him, in fable weeds;
 And foure came after; all on mourning Steedes;
 His curious Armour was so painted ouer
 With liuely shadowes, that you might discover
 The image of a gaping *Sepulchre*;
 Aboue the which, were scattered here and there
 Some dead mens *bones* : His horse was black as Iet;
 His *furniture* was round about beset
 With branches, slipt from the sad *Cypresse* tree;
 His *Bases* (reaching farre below the knee)

Embroydred were with *wormes* : vpon his *shield*,
For his *Imprese*; he had a beautilous childe,
Whose body had two heads; whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)
Did seeme to gaspe for breath; and vnderneath,
This *Motto* was subscrib'd, *From death by death*.
Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who sent as quick repley.
Forthwith; being summon'd by the Trumpets sound,
They start; but braue *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had mist his *Rest*, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take aduantage, would not let
His *Launce* descend, nor (brauely passing by)
Encounter his befriended enemy.

Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
Such vnsupportable mishappe) forsooke
His white-mouth'd *Steed*; throwing his *Launce* aside.
(Which too too partiall fortune had denide
A faire successe) drew forth his glittering *sword*;
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
A conquest meerly by aduantage gain'd,
Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his sword; and, for a little space,
Their strokes contended with an equall pace,
And fiercenesse : He did more discover
A brauery, then anger; whil'st the other
Bewray'd more spleene, then either skill, or strength,
To manage it : *Amphialus*, at length,
With more then wonted ease, did batter so
His ill defended armour, that each blow,
Open'd a doore, for death to enter in;
And now the noble *Conquerour* does begin
To hate so poore a conquest, and disdain'd
To take a life, so easily obtain'd.

And mou'd with pittie, (stepping backe) he staid
His vnresisted violence, and said,

*Sir Knight, contest no more; but take the peace
Of your owne passion; Let the Combate cease,
Seeke not your causlesse ruine; Turne your arme
(Better imployd) gainst such, as wish you harme.
Husband your life, before it be too late,
Fall not by him, that ne're deseru'd your hate.*

To whom, the *Knight* return'd these words againe,

*Thou lvest false Traitor; and I here disdaine
Both words and mercy, with a base defie,
And to thy throat, my sword shall turne the lye.
To whom *Amphialus*; vnciuill Knight,
Couragious in nothing, but in spight,
And base discourtesie; thou soone shalt know,
Whether thy tongue betrayes thy heart or no.*

And as he spake, he gaue him such a wound
Vpon the necke, as struck him to the ground.
And, with the fall, his sword (that now denyde
All mercy) deeply pierc'd into his side;
That done; he loos'd his *Helmet*, with intent,
To make his ouerlauish tongue repent
Of those base words, he had so basely said,
Or else, to crop him shorter, by the head.

Who euer saw th'illustrious eye of noone
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) send downe
His earth reioycing glory, and display
His golden beames vpon the sonnes of *Day*:
Euen so, the *Helmet* being gone; a faire
And costly treasure of vnbraided haire
O'respred the shoulders of the vanquisht *Knight*,
Whose, now discover'd visage (in despight
Of neighb'ring death) did witnesse and proclaime
A soueraigne beautie in *Parthenia's* name,

And she it was indeed; see how she lies
 Smiling on death, as if her blest eyes
 (Blest in their best desires) had espied
 His face already, for whose sake she died.
 The *Lillies*, and the *Roses* (that while e're
 Stroue in her Cheekes, till they compounded there)
 Haue broke their truce, and freshly false to blows,
 Behold; the *Lilly* hath o'recome the *Rose*.
 Her Alabaster neck that did outgoe
 The *Doves* in whitenesse; or the *new false snow*)
 Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seeke
 Protection there, being banisht from her cheek:
 So full of sweetnesse was her dying face,
 That death had not the power to displace
 Her native beautie; onely by translation,
 Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus* (in whom griefe and shame
 Of this vnlucky victorie, did clame
 An equall interest) prostrate on the earth,
 Accurs'd his sword, his arme, his houre of birth;
 Casting his *Helmet*, and his *gauntlet* by,
 His vndissembled teares did testifie
 What words could not: But finding her estate
 More apt for helpe, then griefe, (though both too late
 Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
 His hands (his often cursed hands) did posser
 Their needlesse helpe, and with his life to shew
 What honour a deuoted heart could doe.
 Whereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
 Gaue speedy signes of a desired death)
 Turning her fixt (but oft recalled eyes)
 Vpon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies:

Parthenia's last speech. Sir you haue done enough; and I require
 No more; Your hands haue done, what I desire,

What

*What I expect; and if against your will,
The better; So I wish your fauors still;
Yet one thing more (if enemies may sue)
I craue, which is, To be vntoucht by you;
And as for Honour, all that I demand
Is not to purchase honour from your hand.
No, no; 'twas no such bargaine made; That he
Whose hands had kill'd my Argalus, should helpe me;
Your hands haue done enough; I craue no more;
And for the deed sake, I forgive the Doer;
What then remaines? but that I goe to rest
With Argalus, and to be repossess
Of him; with him for euer to abide,
E're since whose death, I haue so often died.
And there she fainted (euen as if the Clock
Of death had giuen a warning, e're it struck)
But soone returning to her selfe againe;
Welcome sweet death, said she, whose minutes paine,
Shall crowne this soule with euerlasting pleasure;
Come, come, and welcome; I attend thy leasure:
Delay me not; O doe me not that wrong,
My Argalus will chide, I stay so long;
O now I feele the Gordians knotted bands,
Of life untied; O heauens! into your hands,
I recommend my better part with trust,
To finde you much more mercifull, then iust;
(Yet truly iust withall) O life, O death,
I call you both to witnesse, that this breath
Ne're drew a dram of comfort, since that houre
My Argalus dyed: O thou eternall power,
Shroud all my faults beneath the milkewhite veile
Of thy deare mercy; and when this tongue shall faile
To speake, O then:*

And as she spake (O then) O then she left.

To speake; and, being suddenly bereft
Of words, the fatall Sister did diuide
Her slender twine of life, and so she dyed.

So dyed *Parthenia*; in whose closed eyes
The world of beauty and perfection lyes
Lockt vp by Angels (as a thing diuine)
From mortall eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leauing the world no *Relique*, but the story
Of earths perfection, for the mouth of *Fame*
To consecrate to her eternall name,
Which shall suruiue, (if *Muses* can diuine)
(Though not in these poore monuments of mine)
To th'end of dayes; and, by these looser rimes,
Shall be deliuer'd to succeeding times,
So long as beauty shall but finde a friend,
Partheniaes lasting fame shall neuer end.
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaste,
Be held a sinne, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lampe
This Lampe of honour, he forsooke the *Campe*;
And, like a willing pris'ner, was confinde
To the strict limits of a troubled minde;
No *Iury* need b'impanell'd or agreed
Vpon the *verdict*; none, to attest the deed;
None to giue *sentence*, in the *Iudgement* hall;
Himselfe was *witnesse*, *Iury*, *Iudge*, and *all*;
Where now we leaue him, whilst we turne our eyes
Vpon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cries
Inforce a helpleffe audience. It is said,
When *Troy* was taken, such a cry was made.
One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolu'd to dye
Partheniaes death: another, rauiing by,
Stroue for the weapon; through which eager strife,
They

They both were hindred; and each sau'd a life.
Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their carelesse bodies on the purple floore;
Where, sprinckling dust vpon their heads, they tore
Their tangled haire, and garments, drencht in teares;
And cryde, as if *Partheniaes* blessed eares
Could heare the voice of grieve; such griefes as would
Returne her from her glory, if they could;
Each heart was turn'd a wardrobe of true passion,
Where griefes were cloathed in a severall fashion;
Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view
Her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, and renew
Their wasted passions; and, oft-times, they bann'd
Themselves, for obeying her vniust command.

And now by this, the mournfull *Trumpe* of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaime
And spread her dolefull tidings, whilst all eares
And eyes were fill'd with death, and sliding teares;
Pity and *Sorrow* mixt with *Admiration*,
Became the threefold subiect of all passion;
Griefe went her *progresse* through all hearts; and none
From the poore *Cottage*, to the princely *Throne*,
Could own a thought, whose best aduice could borrow
The smallest respite from th'extreames of sorrow.

But all this while, *Basilus* princely brest,
As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest;
His share was treble: hearts of *Kings* are deepe
And close; what once they entertaine, they keepe
With violence: The violence of his passion
Admits no meane, as yet, no moderation;
But soone as griefe had done her priuate rights
And dues to *Honour*; Honour (that delights
In publique seruice, and can make the breath

Of sighes and sobs to triumph ouer death)
 Call'd in *solemnyty*; with all her traine
 And military pompe, to entertaine
 Our welcome *Mourners*, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
 The slumbring body, to that *bed* of rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
 Her sacred *ashes* : There, intomb'd, lay
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
 Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians*, once a yeare,
 Visit the ruines of their *Sepulchre*;
 And, in memoriall of their faithfull loues,
 There, built an *Altar*; where, two milkwhite *Doues*
 They yearly offer to the hallowed *Fame*
 Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name.

F I N I S.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the damaske Rose you see,
 Or like the blossome on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flowre of May,
 Or like the Morning to the day,
 Or like the Sunne, or like the shade,
 Or like the Gourd which Ionas had,
 Euen such is man, whose thred is spunne,
 Drawne out and cut, and so is done.

The Rose withers, the blossome blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The Sunne sets; the shadow flies,
 The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight;
 Or like a morning cleare and bright;
 Or like a frost or like a snowre,
 Or like pride of Babels Towre,
 Or like the houre that guides the time,
 Or like to beauty in her prime;
 Euen such is man, whose glorie lends
 His life a blaze or two and ends.

Delights vanish; the morne o're casteth,
 The frost breakes, the shower hasteth
 The Tower falls; the houre spends,
 The beauty fades; and mans life ends.

Finis Fr. Qu.

The Authors Dreame.

MY finnes are like the haire vpon my head,
 And raise their Audit to as high a score :
 In this they differ : these doe daily shed;
 But ah ! my finnes grow daily more and more.
 If by my haire thou number out my finnes;
 Heauen make me bald before the day beginnes.

2

My finnes are like the sands vpon the Shore;
 Which euery ebbe layes open to the eye.
 In this they differ. These are couer'd o're
 With euery tyde. My finnes still open lye.
 If thou wilt make my head a sea of teares
 O they will hide the finnes of all my yeares.

3

My finnes are like the Starres within the skies
 In view, in number euen as bright as great.
 In this they differ. These doe set and rise.
 But ah ! my fins doe rise but neuer set.
 Shine Sun of glorie and my fins are gone
 Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.

Finis. Fr. Qu.

